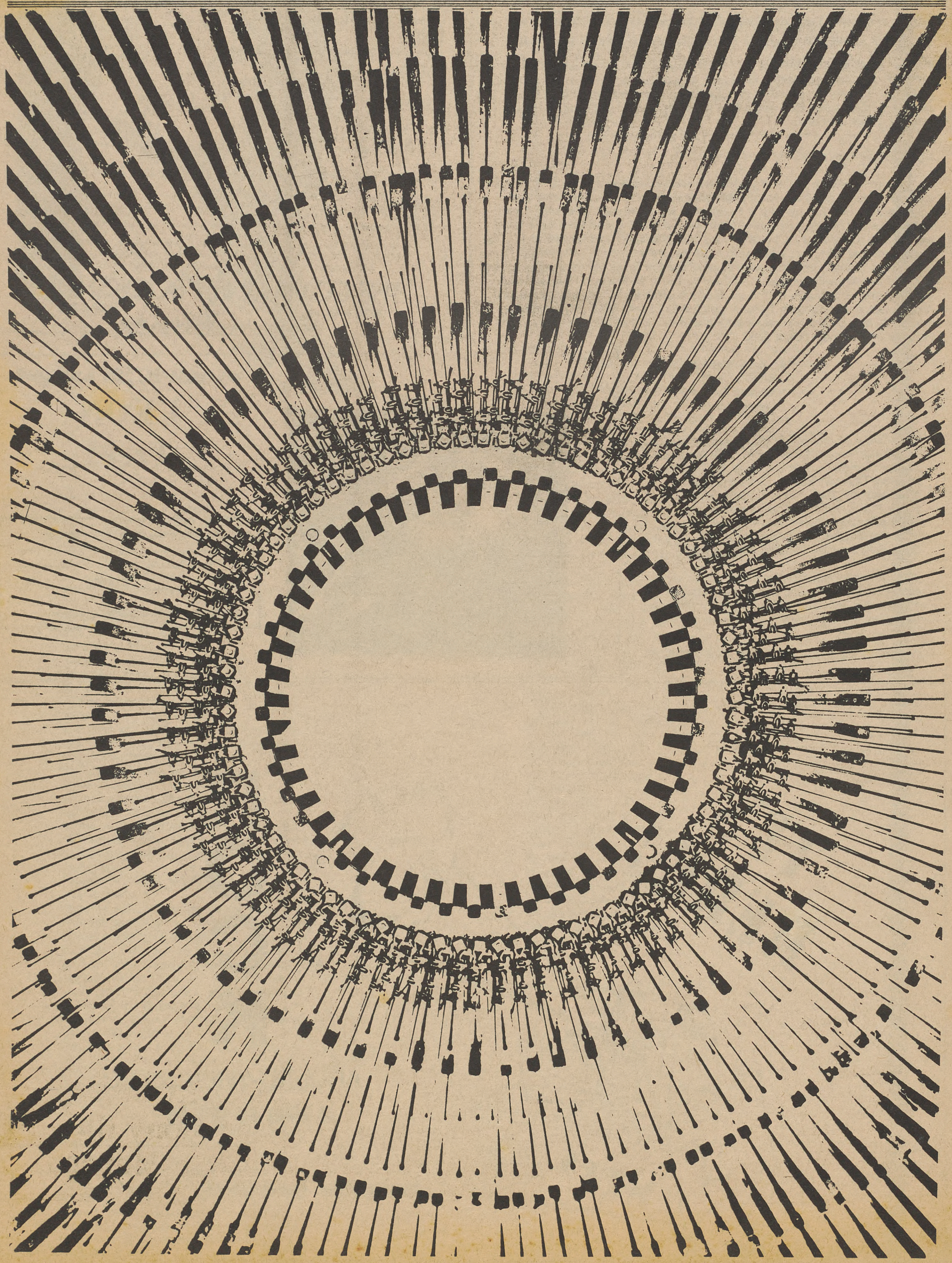
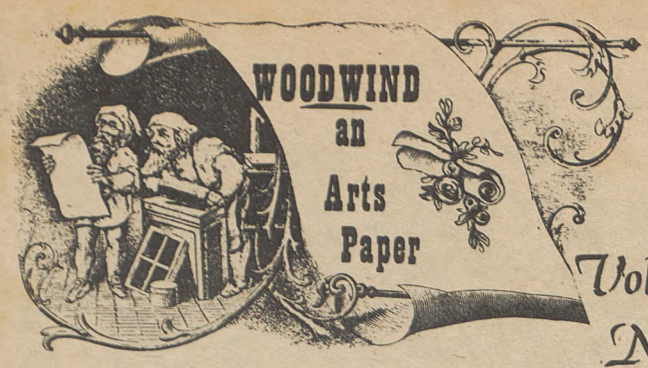
Woodwind

AN ARTS PAPER WASHINGTON, D.C. FREE





Volume 2
Number 18

1318 35th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20007

(202)965-9650

WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write abo or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

Dear Poetry Contributors:

Our apologies to those of you who have sent submissions to Woodwind and received no notification of publishing date. Your exuberance and co-operation has left us with a backlog of excellent material with which we are now attempting to come to terms. We ask you at this time to be patient and to hold off on sending your contributions until September. Between now and then, we will publish the poetry which we have in our files, and return material to those of you who had the foresight to send stamped and self-addressed envelopes. When we begin accepting fresh material, we shall try to perform with a bit more organization. Hopefully we will form a more satisfactory system which will benefit Washington area poets. A new policy for submissions will be outlined in the last August issue of Woodwind. Thank you.

Richard Harrington,
Editor
Deirdra Baldwin,
Poetry Editor

This issue is composed of: Tessa Morgan, Doann Haines, Barbara Buck, JimWeigert, Laurie Summers, Sue Eveslage, M. Guerny, Suzanne Roberta Holler, Gregory Taylor, Mike Harvey, David Ebner, Philip K. Jason, Steve Faith, Debbie Moss, Leprachaun, Martin Walker, Patty Pearson, Paul Jones, Tom Shales, Dede Baldwin, Time Healey, Mike Schreibman, Richard Harrington

The cover is actually the same cover as the very first issue of WoodWind- almost. Except that we didn't have as good a printer as we do now · So we'll try it again. It is by David Watt.

OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL BE AUGUST 15

HARD TO GET...

NEW TITLES:

PAPERBACK

1234567890
Primal Scream
Remember Be Here Now
Burden of the Berrigans
Greening Of America
Tassaraja Bread Book
Aid As Imperialism
Low Cost Co-op Cookbook
We Have Been Invaded By the 21st Century

HARDBACK

Away With All Pests
Pedagogy of The Oppressed
Woman In Sexist Society
Separate Reality
Female Eunuch
Psychedelic Experience
Gay Militants
The New Exiles

We Distribute in bulk :Quicksilver Times, D.C. Gazette and Off Our Backs.

PERIODICALS:

Mother Earth News (All issues)
Ramparts
Aperture
Whole Earth (All issues inc. Last Supplement)
Telos
Solar Journal

NEWSPAPERS:

Ain't I A Woman?
East Village Other
Labor Today
N.Y. Review of Books
Natural Lifestyles
Berkeley Tribe

POSTERS:

Times Change posters
From China, Cuba, Africa
San Francisco Posters
Nixon??? poster

RECORDS:

Seize The Time:Elaine Brown
Last Poets #3
Ballots or Bullets?:Malcolm X
Cry of Vietnam

We carry a large selection of books, periodicals and pamphlets dealing with:

Gay Liberation
Native Americans
Third World
Women's Liberation
Counter Culture(includes Eastern philosphy, mysticism, occult, how to do and make type stuff)
Free schools and alternate education
Marxism, Socialism, Anarchism
Poetry/Drama/Fiction
Vietnam War/Draft-Military
Imperialism

In addition we carry the following local papers:Woodwind, I.F. Stones Bi-Weekly, Third World, Street Sheet. Red Pages and Food Co-op Digest.

20% DISCOUNT ON ALL HARDBOUND AND PAPERBACK BOOKS OVER $4.00

THE COMMUNITY BOOKSHOP

2028 P ST. N.W. 833-8228

Open: Mon. to Sat. 10-10; Sun. 12-6

SUBSCRIBE and get

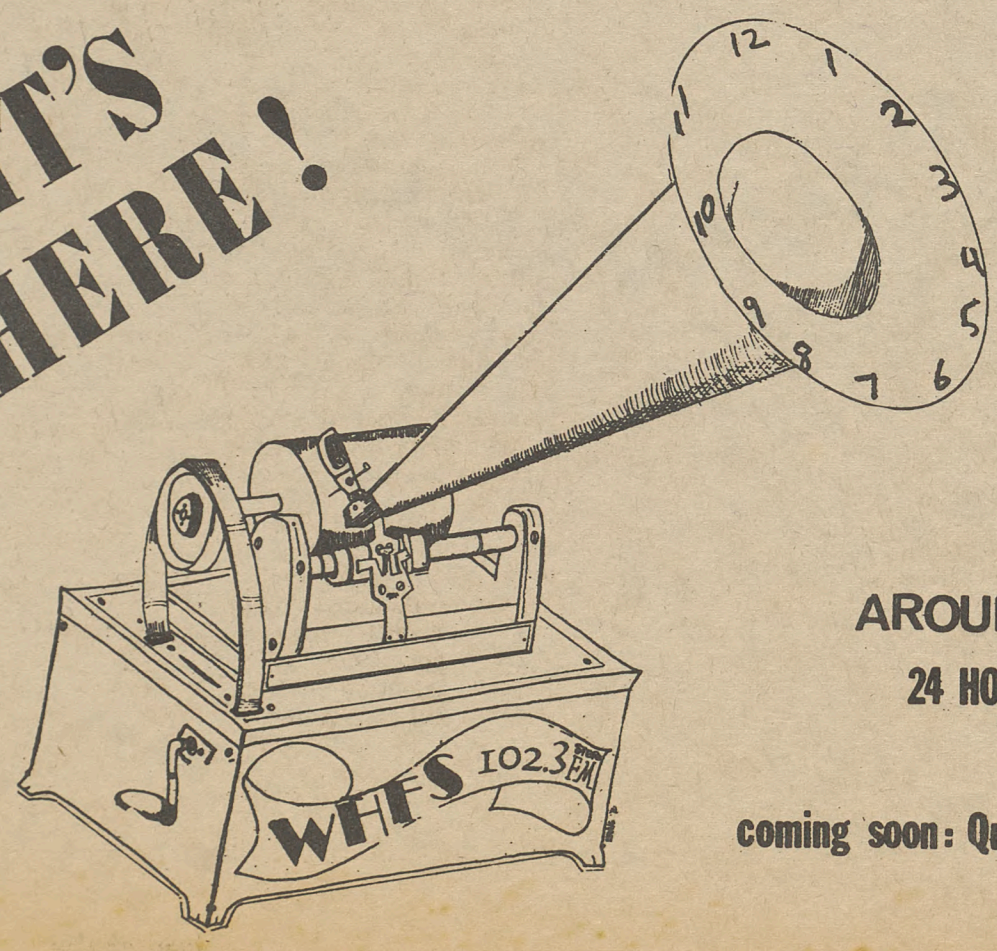
LEON

Free!

This is my own subscription: $6 for one year
NAME._____
ADDRESS_____
TOWN_____STATE_____ZIP___

ALSO SEND MY LEON RUSSELL ALBUM

IT'S HERE!



ROCK

AROUND-THE-CLOCK!

24 HOUR FM STEREO

coming soon: Quadraphonic

When the music's over
turn out the lights
turn out the lights
turn out the lights,
For the music is your special friend
Dance on fire as it intends
Music is your only friend
Until the end
Until the end
Until the end.

As of this writing,
Jim Morrison is still dead.
He died in Paris .
He had sung "This is the end"
long before, and the lights--
He asked them to turn out the lights
in New Haven Connecticut
because they hurt his eyes.
The cops had mace'd him backstage
and before long they were pulling him
away from the crowd
because they said he was giving
"an indecent performance."
He was always indecent. We were
indecent with him.
At the Post Pavilion one summernight,
he wanted all the lights off, all the lights,
so that we could be alone with him
as he sang
"Father?" "Yes, son?" "I want
to kill you..."
Once he said, "I am the lizard king
I can do anything."
The arrogance of beauty.
Later he explained to the LA Free Press
"It's all done tongue in cheek. I don't think
people realize that. It's not to be taken
serious. It's like if you play the villain
in a Western it doesn't mean that
that's you. I don't really take that seriously.
That's supposed to be ironic ."
While he was a graduate film student at UCLA,
they say he climbed naked to the top of a flagpole
with his girlfriend. With a girl.
One writer once marvelled that they'd let
Morrison on television at all.
There he was, on the Ed Sullivan Show,
writhing and contorting "while his vinyl
imitation-leather pants revealed
an unmistakable bulge."
The sweetness of his face was like
cynicism itself. For he was calling forth
all the dark little voices
that our mothers and fathers told us
we should keep silent, even if we had to
cross our legs and hold our breaths
to do it.

Miami was the moment of truth.
And the truth shall make you under arrest.
It has come to seem like a nearly
sacrificial act, and some photos of the concert
show him holding a lamb.
"I just held it for awhile,"
Jim said later. "There was
a lot of noise, a lot of commotion.
It was almost deafening, but the lamb
was breathing normally,
almost purring like a kitten.
It was completely relaxed. I guess
what they say about lambs to the slaughter
is true."
Why did he give the Miami audience more
than it had hoped for? "I think I was just fed up,"
Jim said later, "with the image
that had been created around me, which I
sometimes consciously, most of the time
unconsciously, cooperated with. It just got
too much for me to really stomach and so
I just put an end to it
in one glorious evening."
And then the trial.
Time for another Great American Irony.
One of Jim's friends recalled part of it
in a rock newspaper. One witness, 18, "she's
a checker in a supermarket, and she was shocked
by Morrison and she tells that he pulled his
pecker out of his pants, and this has ruined her
life. Then on the lunch break,
one of the groupies in the back of the court
goes over to her and says, 'You're being to mean
to Jim,' and the girl looks at the groupie
and says,
'Fuck off you little bitch!' and
this is the chick
that's so upset by Morrison."
He got the maximum sentence
down there in Dade County Florida
and the judge suggested he was maligning
his god-give talent. But he wasn't
maligning it
and god didn't give it.
God wouldn't want it to get around.
The world could hold only one Jim Morrison
and now it has none.
Wnen he wasn't out there being adored
people say he was shy, quiet,
and incredibly self-analytical.
"Usually when I go to a strange town,"
Jim said once,
"I just stay in the hotel
and look out the window."
People said The Doors didn't grow musically
and some others who got a little older
like to pretend that he had never turned them on
and never would again.
But he did.
And he will.
Wild child, full of grace,
savior of the human race,
your cool face....
He was the lizard king.
He could do anything.
(It was supposed to be ironic)
Alone with him, alone with him,
all the lights, all the--
He was not theatrical;
he was theatre.
He was not sexual;
he was sex.
James Douglas Morrison proved
that the arrogance of beauty
can be beautiful.

The Crystal Ship
is being filled
a thousand girls
a thousand thrills
A million ways to spend
your time
When we get back
I'll drop a line.

tom shales

FREE SUMMER SCHOOL!

washington area free university

WHAT IS WAFU?

WAFU is what WAFU does which is to say that they're less an institution or even a school than a group of very human people, an idea, and an ever-changing experience. They are free courses, they are a coffe house, they are a publisher (The Tin Drum-Catalog and Red Pages), they are workshops, open Tuesday nite meetings, bakesales, rock concerts, pot-luck dinners and, above all, they are an environment that tries to stimulate human growth on all levels.

****
PROCESS OVER CONTENT
****

Anyone gives a course, anyone takes a course-interest is your only qualification. Courses thrive or evaporate according to the extent to which they meet participants' (your-my-our) needs.

****
REMEMBER: ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT YOUR OWN DEGRADATION
****

WAFU survives to the extent that you percieve their worth. They subsist on your support , be it help with courses and projects, participation at the meetings, or donations of money and supplies.

****
LEARNING FOR LEARNING'S SAKE
****

Go give a course, take a course, rap at Tuesday meetings, create a coffehouse on Saturdays, do graphics, write articles, do your thing... BE A FREE YOU !!!!!!!!!

The Washington Area Free University is a good thing. Like almost all good things, it requires a great deal of hard work--and money. So if you're a person with any sort of skill--or no skill at all who wants to see WAFU grow, or if you're a person with lots of money--or even a little--who would like to give us some, contact WAFU soon. WAFU meets constantly. Call us at 387-5437 or come to our Tuesday night meeting at 1724- 20th Street, NW, second floor.

---

1. LIFE DRAWING CLASS- free, cooperative effort. Beginners and artists welcome. ..... Bob- 667-0077

2. MACRAME-willing to teach macrame--creative knot tying..... .....Sue Sisson-462-0203, work phone 232-8004(22)

3. NEEDLEPOINT AND BARGELLO-These are techniques of fabric decoration which can be used to make great belts and bags-Rose Brenner at 667-1755.

4. BATIK. Learn the basic technique of Batik and then some. I hope we will learn from each other.....Martha Schultz-387-1222 (call evenings or weekends).

5. A DRAMATIC APPROACH TO CREATIVE WRITING. Techniques in writing short stories and dramatic scenes will be developed through role playing. Emphasis will be on analysis and criticism of the works produced by members of the class. Richard Arvey-965-3468.

6. THE ACTORS COOPERATIVE THEATRE GUILD. For people interested in theatre as a profession: a small group of theatre professionals starting work downstairs at Grace Church in Georgetown. Call either Michael Grigsby (667-0961) or Mary Beth Carrol (832-8562).

7. PHOTOGRAPHIC SILKSCREEN AND LARGE PHOTO REPRODUCTION Poster prints. Brian Ferguson- 927-8930.

8. DEVELOPING FILM AND MAKING PROOF SHEETS (CONTACT PRINTS) AT HOMW. Course will cover the basic techniques of developing, stopping, fixing and washing film at home; the equipment necessary, a few different kinds of developers, ideas of composition, and whatever anybody in the group has to offer. Marty Adler, 234-7287.

9. INTRODUCTORY CLASSICAL GUITAR. Course will be adjusted to meet the abilities and needs of those who wish to play classical guitar. Lack of knowledge of music and/or guitar need not be a hindrance. Tom McMail, 387-0285

10. PIANO LESSONS AND/OR LEARN TO READ MUSIC. If you'd like to understand those lines, spaces, and black notes--and apply them to piano or guitar, we can get together as often as is mutually convenient... Judy Cain, 671-9090.

11. ART. Interested in teaching art to a group of teenagers?We'll buy the supplies--you turn us on to sculpturing, painting, etc. Chuck or Sally Rhodes at Second House, 483-0622.

12. VIDEOTAPE PRODUCTION SEMINAR/WORKSHOP. Will explore the potential of 1/2 " video tape production. We will view tapes produced by members of the community video movement, in order to generate discussion concerning use of this medium for artistic expression and social change. Depending upon the availability of VTR equipment, we hope to involve the members of the course in learning basic VTR/Film/Documentary production skills. We hope that the energies generated in the course will eventually lead to the creation of a permanent media center in the Washington area. Scott Lamb and Bill Pratt, 265-8230.

13. SINGING RENAISSANCE MUSIC. The inducement by more or less automatic means of consciousness expansion (the religious experience). Sound waves, pitched at resonant frequencies, resonate with the yogic spiritual centers. Sacred music of the 12th-14th centuries will be sung in the proper acoustical setting. Prerequisite: the ability to sustain the leap to faith. Joel Meltz, 387-0133 or Switchboard, 387-5800.

14. SINGING. I would like to get together with some people who like to sing--country, jug band, old hymns, etc. - maybe on a semi-regular basis. Guitars, autoharps, etc. would be helpful, but don't worry about the ability to play well or carry a tune if you really love doing it. Peggy Borgers 667-4061 (work: 462-4811)

15. MASTERY OF MUSIC. For the musician who wishes to achieve mastery of his or her art, and is prepared to stop at nothing to gain it. Instrumentalists, singers, composers, conducters and outright beginners will be considered for instruction. Joel Meltz 387-0133, 387-5800.

16. PHILOSOPHIES OF CREATIVITY. I am trying to instigate a round-table group to discuss the why and wherefores of art- whether that includes subject matter, techniques, medium, art as a political tool, what defines art, originality or the impossibility of same, whatever, will be decided by the group. I intend to learn and not to teach. L. D. Wood, 933-0187.

17. KEYBOARD INSTRUCTION AND IMPROVISATION. My house has a piano and organ, but I will go somewhere else if necessary. Joe Waldo, 270-2832 (preferably in the evening).

18. INKLE BELT WEAVING. There will be a cost of $10 for the handmade loom and materials for weaving. The course is limited to 15 people. If there is interest, we can set up a separate class for handspinning and vegetable dying. N. E. Hallinan, 536-7140.

19. CARS VS. PEOPLE- THE PEOPLE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA's STRUGGLE TO MAKE A CITY A PLACE TO LIVE . The Emergency Committee on the Transportation Crisis continues its succesful efforts to organize the people of DC against the big rip-off. One of our enemies is the suburbanite's autos. But we have lots of other enemies. Sammie Abdullah Abbot, 296-4350 (work);JU5-8890(home)

20. WOMEN'S LIBERATION SEMINARS. All women welcome. Classes are sponsored by GWU Women's Liberation. All seminars begin at 8:00 on the fourth floor of the GWU Student Center---(July 20)-Roots of Women's Oppression----(July 27)-The Sexual Revolution---------(Aug. 3) Alternative Life Styles------(Aug. 10)-Women in the Media---------- (Aug. 17) -Lesbianism------(Aug. 24)- The Movement------ for further information call 676-7564.

21. IMPERIALISM AND REVOLUTION IN THE MIDDLE EAST. After several orientation sessions to familiarizr people with basic and general facts, we will have discussions, readings and guest speakers. U. S. policy will be emphasized as it applies to Israel, the Arab World, and non-Arab countries of the region like Turkey and Iran. Middle East Research and Information Project. 462-4242.

22. APPLIED DIALECTICAL ECONOMICS-AN INTRODUCTION-will examine Marx's dialectical method as the solution to the epistomological problem posed by Empiricism, and later, German Critical Philosophy. The Law of Value and Marx's approach to sociology will be presented in conjunction. Selected readings from Lenin, Trotsky, and Luxenburg show how Marxism has been applied historically. Finally, we will discuss Marxist practice from the vantage point of America today. Doug Mallouk 727-9272.

23. W. E. B. DU BOIS SCHOOL OF MARXIST STUDIES-Dr. Alfdred Henley, Director, for catalog or information, call 942-2288 or 587-3669. Purpose of the school:"To help organize the people and to spread as widely as possible a knowledge of marxism as the science of social change... the School does not restrict itself to the principles of any Marxist party or group." COURSES---

a)DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD-essentials of the scientific method of science. Historical materialism as the application of dialectic to society.

b)BLACK HISTORY-origin, development, and problems of blacks in America

c)THE STATE-History of the state as an instrument of class power from ancient times through socialism, US state control through police, army, courts, Congress and education.

d)PRINTED MEDIA-practical skills of organization for those desiring to be more effective in community, trade union, and political activity. A practical lab course on how to write, lay out, and produce printed material.

e)POLITICAL ECONOMY-A basic course, necessary for Marxist understanding of society. Everyday facts and statistics of economic life will be used as illustrations.

f)BASIC MARXISM-Fundementals of the Marxist approach and their application to philosophy, economics and politics.

g)MARXISM AND THE JEWISH QUESTION-Marxist writings on the subject: history of anti-semitism, Zionism, Arabs and Jews in the Middle East Conflict, Radical jewish youth today.

h)SEMINAR IN MARX's CAPITAL-The relation between the relevant sections in the three volumes of Capital and present-day economic conditions, especially the current cyclical crises...

i)POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SOCIALIST COUNTRIES-Differences in theory and practice among the fourteen socialist countries.

j)IMPERIALISM AND COLONIALISM-The nature of imperialism. The relationship between the working class in the U. S. and the people in colonial areas. The fight for freedom in the third world.

24. PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION HURTS THE POOR: or ALWAYS LOOK A GIFT LAW IN THE MOUTH-Doctors speak of iatrogenic disorders, meaning those caused by medical treatement. Weakness from beingbled and allergic reaction to penicillin are examples. This course will apply the concept to social and economic problems.
The instructor, a fanatical right-wing extremist, will present a jaundiced view of various attempts and proposals, past and present, to improve economic conditions, and especially the lot of the poor and the black, by more government control of economic activity. He will then beat the drums for certain alternative approaches. The projected format of the course is a lecture by the instructor, folowed by questions, discussion, and reasonably polite bickering far into the night. Dissenters are welcome, provided they do not seek to supress the instructor's dissent from them. James Kiefer, 656-9319(evenings);496-1136(days).

25. RESEARCH ON THE DRAFT/PEACE-A project that is gathering public informati on on the composition and operation of Virginia draft boards, appeal boards and AFEES and state draft system for general use by attorneys and draft counselors. 836-7616.

26. BEYOND MARXISM:KELSONIAN ECONOMIC THEORY-an examination of how economic systems on Spaceship Earth really work and how to program and finance the revolutionary changes needed for our survival. Mostly based on the work of Lou Kelso (Two-Factor Theory:The Economics of Reality and other books). An examination of what the Whole Earth Catalog called "a very imaginative "economic alternative to the programs offered by the establishment, the "dinosaur culture". Norm Kurland/Institute for The Study of Economic Systems(ISES)-667-5800 home- 528-5986.

27. DRAFT COUNSELOR TRAINING COURSE. A fifteen hour course on draft information and counseling skills conducted by experienced counselors. A contribution of $5 or more is asked for course materials. Graduates are asked to serve a twelve hour apprenticeship. Rick Long, 836-7616.

28. LIVING ON THE LAND. A boy scout handbook is probably the best book you can get (if you want to find one somewhere). Not sexist. Each person learns whatever he or she needs to kn ow. Course will include camping out a lot. Steve Seaquist, 368-6143.

29. LETTING YOUR MIND GO-Verbal karate is the answer to logo pollution. Logo pollution is the art of packaging little thought into much wording. Verbal karate includes "trish" as an intensive of "dish". Pushing past "mono-sh" and "tetrash " makes "ash" the opposite of "monash' Can a bee resting (Re-sting)?--R. Birch, Box 2364, Falls Church, Va. 22042.

30. SWITCHBOARD APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAINING-How to run the D. C. Switchboard... what we are into... what you can do to help... Communications Company-East , 387-5800

31. HUMAN RELATIONS. A course effort to co-ordinate efforts of PEOPLE to live, work, and play in harmony with O-T-H-E-R-S. Emphasis on how to get things you want done with straight people and authorities; how to manipulate a situation to your best advantage. Dennis Bowens 1707 P. Street.

32. TOTAL SURVIVAL. A unique correspondence course available to all free universities including :(1) A series of free weekly discourses by mailed correspondence. (2) A description of the new man, now walking the earth. (3) The development of a body of knowledge, art and music, totally unrelated to the death oriented society. (4) Opportunity, through the free services of your university, to contact people who are living the immortal life, here and now. (5) There is a language of life, and it is this language which affords us the pleasure and excitement of being out in the unknown with no footsteps to guide us. Length of the course is 152 weeks-renewable quaterly. A pleasure to correspond with any or all interested parties. Walt Currah and Eric Ludwig, 125 East 18th Street, Denver Colorado, 80203, 825-1297

33. ESPERANTIC STUDIES FOUNDATION= designed to research and teach this international language, taken from a name meaning "a person who hopes". What better way to start. Offered is a text/tape course, a clearing house for information, or an assist on projects. Please call Dr. James Lieberman, President, Esperantic Studies Foundation, 6451 Barnaby Street, NW, Washington DC 20015.

34. FRENCH POETRY. Will keep to a small group for maximum interchange of ideas, with material dependent on people gathered. This course will require an understanding of French along with a willingness to converse and share ideas. Catherine Schepens 234-6578.

35. BEGINNING SPANISH. Robert and Alexia Hunter and Brian Hunter home 232-9177 or 536-6109, work 381-5487.

36. THE ANALYSIS OF LITERARY TEXTS. Topics will include how rhyme, feet, and the critical patterns influence themes, and the critical vocabulary that is necessary to write explications of literary texts. Xerox copies of a prosodical-lexical-structural Guide to Literature will be given to all who attend. Terrence Lisbeth, 664-4731(days) or 461-9036(evenings).

37. INSTRUCTIONAL DESIGN. Writing and fullfilling instructional objectives; validating instruction. Objectives: 1)The student will be able to write an instructional objective that can be validated, for any of certain types of learning situations, and 2) the student will be able to discriminate which of certain types of learning situations are subject to validation. I will give you a few highly structured lessons which will (hopefully) be the basis for a rap session. I would like to rap to people about two books: one by Bruner and one by Mager. Judy Kaul, 528-7937.

38. BOOK DISCUSSION- I would like to talk with other people about the book Laws of Form by G. Spencer Brown;relations between mysticism and science, or jnana yoga; music of the early Renaissance and of India. Gary Davis, 544-4496, 562-4000, ext. 474.

39. CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN POETRY. I would like to exchange poems with other poets. This would not be a course in the real sense, since since I'm no more qualified to teach than you are... but I react and you can too. Dale Brown/Camp Sharparoon/Dover Plains, N. Y.

40. INTRODUCTION TO RUSSIAN LANGUAGE, PEOPLE, AND WAY OF LIFE- movies, slides and poetry on records, plus whole library of books in Russian and English on art, architecture, history, literature, grammar and foreign policy. Course can cover any aspect that its participants desire. Betty Kirk, 338-8132. Daytime meetings preferred.

CREATIVE WRITING- NOVEL AND SHORT STORIES. Seminar to meet once a week for a couple of hours or however long, in writing fiction. Can get into poetry and plays, filmscripts and so on, but would prefer tp stick to novels and short stories. Instructor is a published novelist and short story writer, winner of several awards and allthat. Also has been into radio and TV, Holly-fuckin-wood screen writer, rock critic and TV critic for the Washington Post. Has had offers to teach at straight schools, but would like to keep it free as long as he can. William C. Woods, 223-6000 (344) from noon to six---424-0294-six to midnight.

42. FRENCH-Will depend on who wants to learn what, but my own preference is converstaional French rather than litereary skills. Rank beginners and up--may arrange more than one class. Mary Ann Joyce, 534-6303, after 7 p. m.

43. ITALIAN. Introduction to Italian-conversation and grammar, possibly reading short stories or plays or menus. Going to Italian restaurants. Whatever direction you want to go. Maureen Cunningham 483-5859 (after 6pm)

44. FREE SCHOOL IN THE KENSINGTON AREA-Pre-school and elementary; open learning environment;starting with summer program and continuing into fall, for more information call either Judy Epstein (585-4774) or Julie McCall (462-0203).

45. KARMA KOTTAGE-a live-in experiment for those who wish to fully test their devotion to the Good. Leave name, date, time and place of birth, and phone number at Switchboard, 387-5800.

46. TAROT (FORTUNE TELLING CARDS)-emphasis on understanding the tarot deck major and minor arcana. Richard Arvey, 965-3468.

47. BEE-KEEPING- THE WHOLE THING- course will include everything about bee-keeping ;clothes, equipmentrobbing, extracting and selling... David Braun, 234-5477.

48. GYMNASTICS-would like to start a gymnastics class, tumbling, trampoline, etc. but we need to find a teacher an d more students. For a small fee, we'll be able to use facilities in the 12th street YMCA. Anne or Dolores 232-7951, ext. 202, leave a message.

49. ELEMENTS AND PRINCIPLES OF PLAYING PIN-BALL- General introduction to beginning pinball. Machine moving;how to avoid tilting; and breaking in a new machine. Mark S, Garbin and Steve Nelson at 223-6829.

50. BICYCLE MECAHNICS COURSE-Both 10-speed and 3-speed covered. Bring your own adjustable wrench. Lucky Wentworth 833-1778.

51. INTRODUCTORY STATISTICS. Beginning with probability theory. Math made easy. Paige Armstrong 462-9779.

52. ALGEBRA, PHYSICS AND US-Algebra topics enriching the education of those in need of mathematics;both technical and humanistic, with a look into the impact of science on society and lifestyles. Course will be geared toward those presently faced with high school algebra, and those about to encounter college freshman math. Course organizer is.a Ph. D. candidate in physics at the American U. Barry Reiss at 864-7427 (home) or 871-2819/2443(work)

53. JESUS CHRIST:REVOLUTIONARY PRACTICES AND LIFE PRINCIPLES. Jesus changed much in history. This course will be a study of his tactics of change and confrontation. Also, a survey of his teachings that supported his life style. Branson Roberts- 924-5128, 723-3252(work)

54. ENLIGHTENMENT. Do you believe in God? Do you believe in the spiritual world? Interested in rapping about these and related subjects? WE ARE! We're serious, so if you're just looking for laughs, don 't call us. If you want to bring your friends, they are welcome;if you want to bring an enemy, he's welcome, too! Phil and Beth Pease, 927-5975 (call after August 1st).

55. WAR, PEACE AND THE CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE. Some reading, writing and action. An educational experience for the young man determining his conscientious objection to war. Limited to 20 people, ages 15-19. Bob Young, 751-0436 , daytime and early evenings.

56. EXPLORING THE OCCULT-The quest for ones ' planetary identity. ESP, clairvoyance, telekinesis, yoga and super-normal powers, Wilhem Reich and orgone energy, levitation as a practical means to cosmic attunement, the Tibetan Book of the Dead and survival after death, the Clear Light versus the structure of society, planetary consciousness, global catastrophes of the near future, Holistic philosophy and consciousness conditioning, Buddhism , geometrical music as a vehicle of illumination. Joel Meltz, 387-0133, or 387-5800.

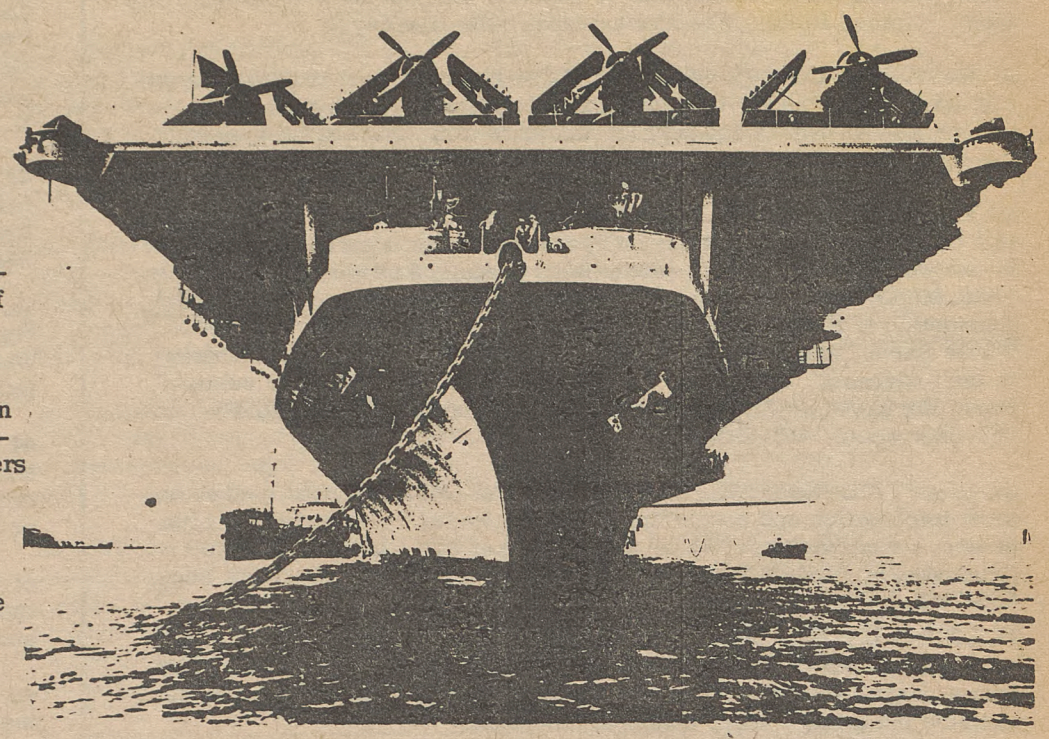
57. THE WORK OF DANE RUDHYAR. Rudhyar's writings on astrology, cycles of civilization, planetary consciousness, and the evolution of Aquarian man will be read and discussed. Widely considered the dean of modern astrologers, Rudhyar, in his recent writings, deals with the emerging New Age of mankind, synthesising the astrological, historical and philosophical modes of approach. Joel Meltz, 387-0133 or 387-5800.

58. ASTROLOGY. A progressive course in basic astrological skills. Subjects covered will include: the basic symbolic language of astrology, correllations with astronomy, astrology as the mechanism of administration of karma, the casting of charts, various schools of interpretations, progressions and transits, astrology as a tool of prediction, the Aquarian Age astrologically considered, astrology and birth control, astrology and the individual cosmic name. Materials used in the course:Astrology, by Ronald C. Davidson, ARC Books, New York($1);The Practice of Astrology, by Dane Rudhyar, Penguin Books, New York ($1. 25). Joel Meltz at 387-0133 or 387-5800.

The Method

A SHORT STORY

Martin Walker



I suppose I first became a historian at the age of seven, when I discovered my parents' love letters. At the time, I was slightly ashamed of tnus invading their privacy, but I have since realized that it was a very healthy sign. I was that rare combination- an inquisitive and a bookish child. Whatever could be read, or pored over, aroused my curiosity. From my parents' letters (which I found boring even as a child) I went on to old family documents and old newspapers until by the time I was twenty five, two universities, several libraries and thousands of old newspapers manuscripts, documents and letters had turned me into a professional historian.

The life is not all roses. The libraries are only open for twelve hours each day, and one has to waste many of those hours in teaching history to young students who have no feel for the subject. They all come to history for an easy course and waste everybody's time. How can one afford to waste hours that could be spent in research in pumping physicists full of soon-to-be-forgotten facts about Warren Harding or Calvin Coolidge? (I am a very modern historian.)

But the real agony of tne historian is not the time one must waste- one does have lots of time on vacations for research- but tne sheer impossibility of ever being right. How can one ever know why so-and-so did such-and-such? We can never trust what so-and-so says and we hardly ever know if such-and-such is what he meant to do. The best the poor historian can do is assemble all the evidence and then collate it with all the experience and cunning at his disposal, before making his well-informed guess as to what did or did not happen.

What really matters is the historians "feel" for his subject. If he knows tne period very well, and has read the letters and knows the life stories of the major protagonists, a historian begins to have hunches- just as we all have hunches about the friends we all know well, or have hunches about a contemporary political situation on which we are well informed. Eventually, the era one studies becomes more familiar, more alive than one's own day.

You must understand that I am not a very lively person. I do not entertain and do not go out much. I would rather be at my work. I have been working on the events leading up to Pearl Harbor, and studying as many of tne available materials as I could find. However, one librarian was being most obstructive. She brought the wrong files on purpose and refused to permit me any of those courteous little illegalities which most libraries permit. You know tne sort of thing- keeping books out for a long time, monopolising certain sections of tne library.

I am not very good at human relations, but I thought it might be a good idea to make a better impression upon this librarian. Believe me, a librarian can make your life absolute hell on earth is she wishes. So I invited her to come to the theatre with me. I understood that the play was a very avant-garde affair and since she always wore extremely short skirts I thought she might appreciate it. The play was absolute nonsense, no plot, no character, no historical sense and really I would have forgotten all about it, but for the fact that the young lady told me some of the theory of modern theatre in the cab on the way back. She talked of some man called Stanislavsky and of his Method Acting, in which the actor must immerse himself totally in the part he plays.

It was then that the idea struck me. In fact, my inspiration was so swift and total that I have no idea what happened to the young lady, or her library or to the taxicab. For I had invented Method History. It was, like all the great ideas, very simple. The way for a historian to cultivate his historical "feel" was simply to immerse himself in the period he studied. This went far beyond the reading of letters and documents and newspapers which I had once thought was enough for a good historical background.

It involved buying a whole new wardrobe of clothes of my period. It involved redecorating my apartment in the style of the late 1930's. It meant buying an old fashioned phonograph (the kind with the wind-up handle) and all the old fashioned music to go with it. It involved having photocopies made of every major newspaper from Jan. 1, 1941 until the day of Peral Harbor, and arranging with my newsagent to have these old papers delivered each morning rather than my usual ones. It meant banishing from my library all books written after 1940. I had to get rid of my easy, modern electric typewriter and go to great lengths to get a very old-fashioned, solid-looking Remington.

This may sound a little devastating, but I can hardly convey the delight withwhich I threw away all my ball point pens, tne gaiety with which I burned my nylon shirts, tne luxury of choice in making sure that none of my wines came from a vintage later than 1940. The air conditioner had to go, and I installed some of those delightfully lazy fans one sees in films of the British Empire in India. I hung a portrait of Mr. Roosevelt on the wall- after all, he is my President.

Fortunately, my relatives left me rather wealthy so I could afford to embellish my little world of the past to the full. I bought an old movie projector, which was surprisingly expensive and hired most of the favorites of 1941. Oddly enough, Adolf Hitler and I share a passion for "Who's Afraid Of the Big Bad Wolf". I screened that constantly. "Gone With The Wind" was less to my taste. The Civil War is not my period. But I did like Errol Flynn and I must confess I became no stranger to the tender passions when enthralled by the projected image of Greta Garbo. In fact, I was tempted to reread my paren ts' love letters. They were of the right period and perhaps could mean a little more now that I had seen tne force of love in "Camille", but historical morality won tne day. Nothing must be permitted to divert me from my essential task- to become a man of 1941.

I had bought as many as I could of those records of old radio programmes, and listened to Amos and Andy and the Rhythm Boys and from the Meteorological Society I even obtained a record of great weather forecasts from 1940 to 1941. Those were the days. None of this modern scientific mumbo-jumbo about occluded fronts and precipitation and troughs. Just good solid information about whether it would rain or not and how warm it would be.

Day by day I could feel my goal being realized. I had set myself a year for tne task. January 1 was my starting date and I planned to take 11 months of immersion in my period before setting out for Hawaii on December 1 to expose my historical self to the site of Pearl Harbor. I was living in the past, as well as I was able. I had improved upon Stanislavsky- who ever heard of a method actor spending 11 months on his role?

Naturally there were times when I felt downhearted. I read the bad news from Europe in my newspapers-the war was going very badly for Britain-and longed to write a comforting letter to the Times, letting them know there was no need to worry really. And I was never able to overcome my horror at the thought of using old-fashioned toilet paper. I kept to the soft tissue all the time- but then I had been very delicately brought up. But most of the time I was very happy.

The moment of great success came in the fourth week of July. I had just been reading an admirable article in the New York Times which said that the war in Europe was at a stalemate and some kind of negotiated peace might be round the corner, when my alarm clock went off. This was a signal for me to put on the phonograph one of my recorded news announcements. All these had been prepared long ago, so that I had but to select the bulletin for the right day and hear up-to-the-minute news. I remember mildly wondering what todays news would be as I gently placed the heavy old needle on the record.

"Hitler had invaded Russia!" Well, of course, I knew he had, but I had not expected it just now. I was rather surprised, when I suddenly realised how silly I had been. Of course I knew today was the 21st of July and that Hitler had invaded. But- my delight overwhelmed me- I had been as surprised by the news as any real man of 1941. I had been surprised! My previous historical knowledge, that cursed hindsight, was slipping away from me. Quickly I fought back tne temptation to wonder what came next in world news. I must not think of it. It had not happened yet. I had to maintain this capacity to be surprised by news which had happened thirty years ago. Otherwise my honest historical pursuit would be no more than a childish game. I sat back with a glass of sarparilla and began to think what effect all this momentous news would have on the war.

It seemed to me that tnis was the beginning of the end for Hitler. For as long as a single Russian fought, Britain would never dream of negotiating peace, and that left Hitler with a war on two fronts. I was just wondering now long the war would last when I was disturbed by a slight noise in the kitchen.

The kitchen was sealed off from the rest of my apartment, except for a small serving hatch through which Mrs. Riley delivered my meals. Mrs. Riley had worked for my parents for years, and knew of my dedication to history. Hence, she was not surprised when I asked her to prepare my meals and push them through the hatch three times a day. She would also buy whatever little neccessities I lacked. She would get hold of things like a copy of "Screen Gems" which I suddenly thought would be well in period, or some bestseller of 1941 I had seen reviewed in my newspapers.

Normally I would never see Mrs. Riley and I certainly never saw anyone else. I would let her cook in the kitchen and take my food from the hatch and hand back the dirty dishes. But this time I almost ran over to the hatch as soon as I heard her come in and I told her tne incredible news.

It was silly of me, I suppose, to tell her that Russia had been invaded and tnat the war might soon be over. Apparently there was some absurd crisis going on in the world beyond my apartment and Mrs. Riley thought that missiles were on their way to her. It was several days before she got back to normal and stopped breaking my historical concentration with her sniffles and sobs in the kitchen. But I was very patient. It would have been impossible to train anyone else to do her work without leaving my little enclave of yesteryear.

After that, the surprises came more frequently. Witnin five days, I had been surprised by General McArthur's appointment to command the Far Eastern Forces, and by the freezing of Japan's financial assets in the United States. It seemed to me like dangerous war-mongering. It must have been obvious to the dimmest mind that the real danger lay with Hitler and if this country were to be involved, we had better settle Hitler before opening ourselves up to the danger of a war on two fronts with Japan as well.

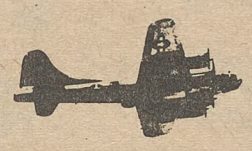
Problems about the war were beginning to take up most of my time. I am still a relatively young man so I felt it best to prepare myself, as it were, for the military service which might well lie ahead of me. I read several books on military tactics, most of which had been written shortly after the previous war and gave me all the methods for escaping tne dreaded "trench feet" and cutting barbed wire. I found difficulty in equating this with what I read of the new war with its dive bombers and tanks and blitzes and things. But it was pleasant to note that tne rest of the country was, like me, beginning to respond to our President's call that we should be the "arsenal of democracy."

I made a mental note to warn Mrs. Riley to save all the tins she used in cooking my food, and to buy extra stocks of certain basic foods. Not that I was hoarding, just building up a little stock in these days of fragile peace. I erected a large map of the world upon my living room wall and painted in the conquests of the Axis powers. The black lines oozed menacingly across Russia and began to advance in North Africa. In Asia too, the anti-Democratic forces were evidently extending their sway. In Europe, brave little Britain stood alone at the door to the Atlantic. How long, I wondered each day as I recorded new Axis gains, how long can America stay out of this global conflict?

The impending war obsessed me. I had not time for books, little time for movies. I screened only the weekly news reels, whicn showed America's troops training and preparing for the war I was sure would come. My newspapers I devoured as recent books and best-sellers lay unopened and ignored upon my floor. So intent was I on the burgeoning crisis that my usual tidy habits were quite overwhelmed. My bed lay unmade for days at a time and my ashtrays overflowed onto the paperstrewn floor.

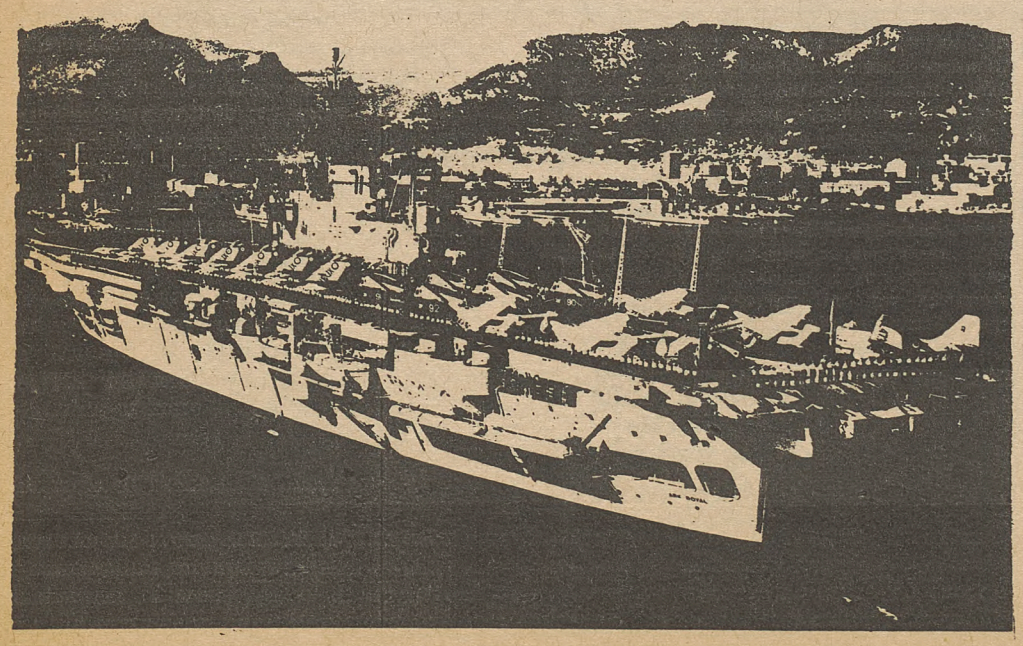
September 4, 1941. The juggernaut gathers speed. Today my newscast informs me that the U. S. S. Greer nad been engaged in gunfire by the German submarine U-642. Our President has ordered the Navy to shoot on sight. But the black line on my map advances into Russia and with the long dark nights of fall, no doubt the Luftwaffe will recommence its bombing of London. I instruct Mrs. Riley to economize on my food. Why should I eat here and lounge in comfort while the defenders of democracy live on iron rations? From now on, I eat meat only twice a week. No sugar in my coffe.

As the year wears on, I see the sky turn from blue to gray in my skylight, the only unboarded window in my quarters. Mrs. Riley has brought me some black blanket material which I have rigged by the skylight, ready to obey the first blackout order. But winter is approaching and the ever-darker skies reflect my increasingly somber thoughts. How much longer before the might of the Axis stretches over these skies too?



Ocotober 31, 1941. The destroyer U. S. S. Reuben James is sunk by a U-boat 600 miles west of Iceland and still my country is neutral. The Panzers approach Moscow. Tobruk still under siege.

And now all my long-laid plans click smoothly into action. My news bulletin for November 4, 1941 contains a special announcement, for my ears only. I pack my wall map and my typewriter and some papers and take my pre-packed suitcase and go to the station. It was last year that I booked this carriage on the train to San Francisco. The Rail Company has been informed of my dietary needs in advance. I enter my carriage and mount my wall map. My gramaphone is with me, with its wind-up handle. My news bulletins still come through as my train chugs slowly across the country.



I remember so little of the transfer from my train carriage to my stateroom on board the ship. Most of the time I was glued to the news bulletins. In North Africa, the Africa Korps and the Eigth Army were shaping up for a decisive battle. Events portend well for the British. In the air, they have finally brought some Spitfires to the Western desert and on the ground, their new Crusader tanks are about to go into action. But there cannot be much time left before Tobruk must surrender. My days on tne Pacific. are shaped by the to and fro of the battle of Sidi Rezegh.

— — — —

November 24, 1941. This must be the end. The British tanks have been caught piecemeal and destroyed by the concentrated force of the Afrika Korps. Rommel need do nothing but mop up the pieces before driving on to Suez and the oil of the Middle East. I can no longer stand idle. As soon as the ship docks I will hasten back to Canada and join the British forces. A despairing gesture, despairing of my neutral country, despairing of myself, despairing for the defiant Brtitish, for now long can they hold out without oil, without Suez, without the Eigth Army?

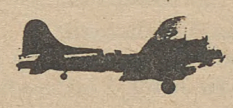
— — — —

December 1, 1941. As today's news came through I fell to my knees and gave thanks to the Lord of Battles. Africa is saved. Rommel drove for Egypt too soon, the Eigth Army has regrouped and Rommel has had heavy casualties. I fight off the temptation to break out of my sealed stateroom and leap gladly into the open air. It is very good to be alive. I play some records, for the first time in months. British records by Vera Lynn, "Room 504" and "That Lovely Weekend". I must learn the words so I can sing along like the tropps in their desert foxholes. Tomorrow we reach Hawaii. I must take care while moving from the ship to my hotel room. There is a purpose behind what I am doing, but I seem to forget just what it is. There is some very good reason why I should not hurry to the recruiting station in Canada. No doubt it will come back to me.

I am so bouyed by today's good news that I barely notice my new surroundings in this hotel. The Germans have been stopped, it appearsm at the very gates of Moscow. Tobruk is about to be relieved and Rommel is creeping back to El Agheila, licking his wounds. But there is a report of Japanese troopships steaming south past Formosa. Perhaps the third member of the Axis is about to strike at South East Asia, although I doubt it, since diplomatic negotiations are still going on in Washington with the Japanese.

— — — —

6 December, 1941. Little news today. Still bitter fighting in front of Moscow, but the Germans gain no ground. Rommel retreating and the British too mauled to pursue him. Another personal announcement on my news broadcast. At dusk this evening I am to hire a boat and then open my own sealed orders. No doubt I shall at least find out what it is that holds me back from Canada.



My little boat chugs steadily towards Pearl Harbor where I am to make my way to the U. S. S. Arizona and wait there until dawn. From dawn until mid-morning I am to sit in my boat with pen and paper beside me, recording my impressions. It hardly seems to make sense, and the last paragraph of my own sealed orders make even less sense to me. It reads: "And then back to the old life to marry research to The Method. Happy Progeny!" I suppose it is some old tasteless joke of my own, made by my former, etiolated self, before the imminence of war had steeled me to my present state.

It was a very boring, quiet night. The sun is now up and the birds are making their normal seven o'clock chants. There was something that sounded like an explosion at 6:45. Two huge spouts of water outside the harbor entrance that looked like depth charges. Probably some excercise- it is good to know that our navy shall not be totally unprepared when the call comes.

7:45 and there is the sound of buzzing in the air, as if a beehive had been kicked over. But the sky is clear and the world is peaceful around me as I lay, unremarked, beside the huge bulk of the battleship Arizona/ The humming increases; a summer sound, bringing memories of lawns and cool drinks and a billion buzzing insects. There seem to be some in the air already.

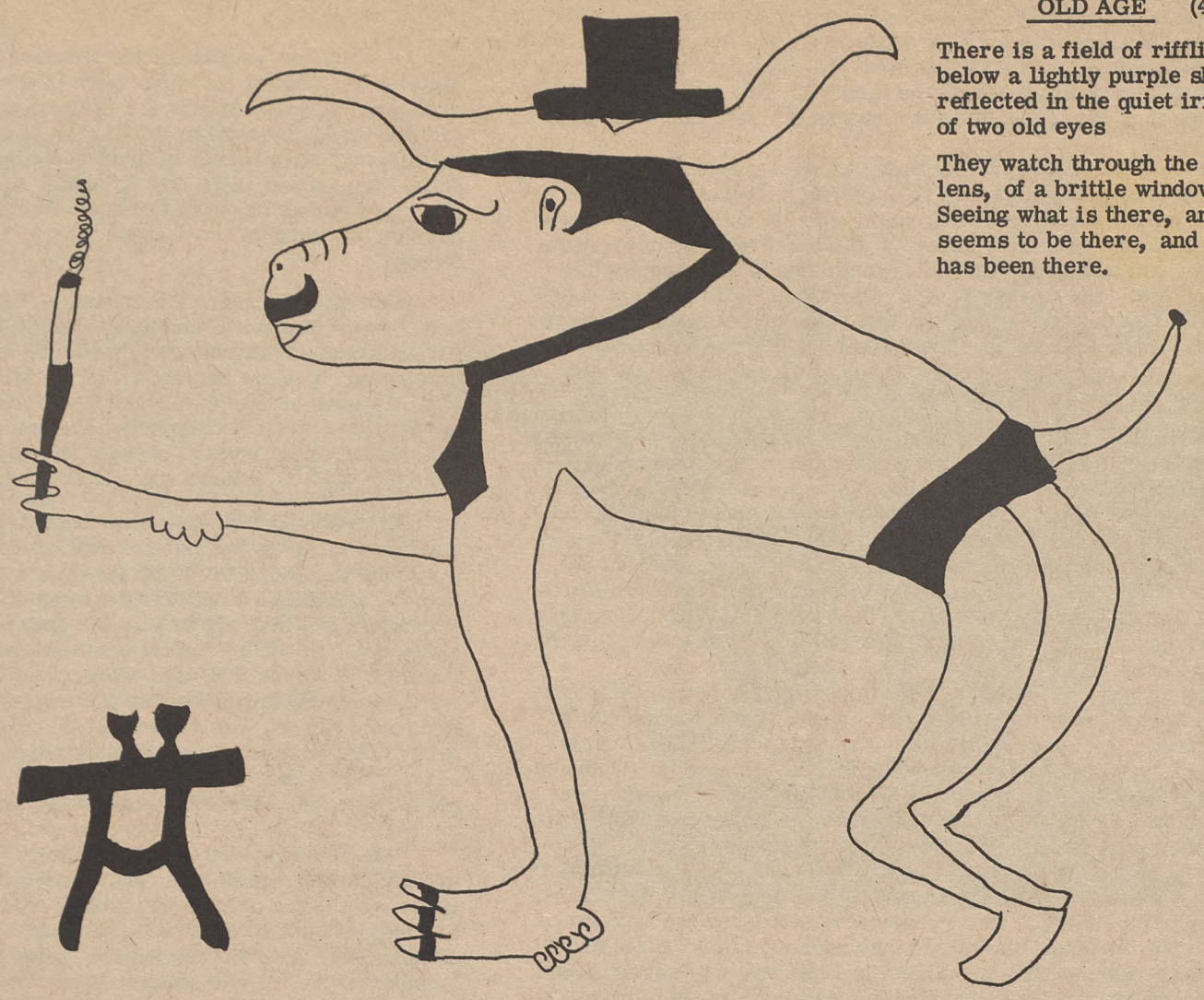
No. I check my watch and begin to write as fast as my hand can move. It is 7:49 and the sky is full of aircraft. Aircraft up high, visible only from the sun gleaming on the wings. Aircraft very low and skimming over the land and the water and noise everywhere. Staccato noise of machine guns and the claps of explosions and the splashing of huge waves and water spouts.

There seems to be no attempt to fire back, to fight back. It is like a demonstration. No sign of life on our ships and the aircraft everywhere. It is difficult to write as my boat bobs in the huge waves from the bombs. And now a covey overhead, coming towards the battleships where I write. We are being attacked. At last, we must be in the war. I need not go to Canada. I can die for my own country, here in the metal embrace of the Arizona.

Octet for A Summer Day

(1) Doann Haines
(2) Barbara Buck
(3) Sue Eveslage
(4) Gregory Taylor
(5) M. Guerny
(6) Jim Weigert
(7) Laurie Summers
(8) Suzanne Roberta Holler

drawings by Tessa Morgan



OLD AGE (4)

There is a field of riffling grass
below a lightly purple sky
reflected in the quiet iris
of two old eyes

They watch through the cracked
lens, of a brittle window pane.
Seeing what is there, and what
seems to be there, and what
has been there.

TM

To Be Blind (1)

Open your eyes
to the feeling of a moon
behind empty winter streets.

Look into the line of mirrors
and see the brothers' forms
dying of hatred.

Watch as the jagged lobed leaves
are crushed by a child running by,
looking for an empty alley.

Shut your eyes
on the surrounding sounds
sudden and loud and dull and forever.

Loneliness (5)

For a fleeting moment
I saw your face among the clouds.
That's how much I miss you.

In every breath I draw,
Movement I make,
You are silently present.

Days and nights are endless
Lonelier than the summer breeze
without the sun
am I since you departed.

Wandering may take you miles away
though never from my heart.
So my friend, wherever this may find you
My love is always waiting.

(7) for D. R. S.

walking...
our world was quiet
beside the stream.
feeling...
more than words could say.
smiling...
almost crying
in the snow.

i like loving you.

i wonder
if my little body
with its tiny hands
is big enough to
cover you
when you are lonely
and want to hide.

you make me feel
beautiful
you must be a magician
and if you are...
please don't dissapear
too far away
where i won't find you.

The Wineglass (1)

My eyes are frozen
To a spot where there's a glow,
Red through clear crystal.
Love, love, don't look up at me,
I'm not ready for the chill.

Simple Addition (2)

Did you ever see the pier
Reaching out into the river
But not bridging,
Just piering?

Telephone poles,
156 on the left;
And, on the right---156,
Sunk, like nails, into the riverbed,
With railroad ties hammered
Into their skulls
So the boards could lay down
And walk
Out above the traffic of waves.

Beside the street,
A telephone pole
Clothed in creosote
Carries the drum beat.
Listen!

From the opposite shore,
Downstream a bit,
A pier, thirteen boards wide,
Stretches out into the river.

Beyond sight,
Another peer extends
Over the water:-
From river's head to mouth,
Pier plus pier plus pier equals
Rustic piano keys
For the river king.

(4)

i'll bet you're wondering
why i cry so easily
for a man
and why i am so hard
to understand.
what caused tears to flow
so freely down my nose

would you like to know?
it's because i'm not famous or rich or white
or middle class or have a car
or fine clothes and my hair is long
and hard to comb and i have nothing to share
with you.

a nappie-haired yellow, poor nigger with rags and
dirty finger nails
who lives in the slums and
have nothing, nothing to give you but the love
in my heart...
and i'm scared.....that's not much.

(7)

---

you sitting there-
feet streched out, arms bent upon one another
staring into a fire
which took so long in making

your eyes are serious-
i wonder what touches your mind
questions seeking answers
between the flames

your smiles are sad
and words lie unsaid
the fire's crackle
is our conversation

later a burnt-out flame
me sitting near
an empty chair

The Leader (6)

The blood-letting bullets
Have taken
From my heart
Marble figures
Whim my being drew
Into its deepest reaches.
Their names were
John, Robert and Martin,
But now they
Share the
All-erasing earth.
I reach out
Into the polluted air
Of uncertainty
Yet find only
Emptiness.
And as the
Days pass unto years
I realize
That there are
No more Clark Kents
For my brain
To fashion.

And left alone on
The barren plain is
My own soul

(3)

dark stars on hiding the moon
pulled back a cover of starlight
warm in the love bubble
the waves breaking
on the sleepy shore
inside the merry blue deep
turning crystals grow transparent
whispering secrets in my ear

The Augury (1)

In the curve
of her arm
there was a baby.
A glance out
from the lonely beach,
and in the curve
of a wave
there was a shadow.

(7)

"have you any change?"
he looked at me with a longing smile
in ragged jeans
and a tie-dyed shirt.
"no, i'm sorry."
i only have myself
and i will not give you that.

HAPPINESS (8)

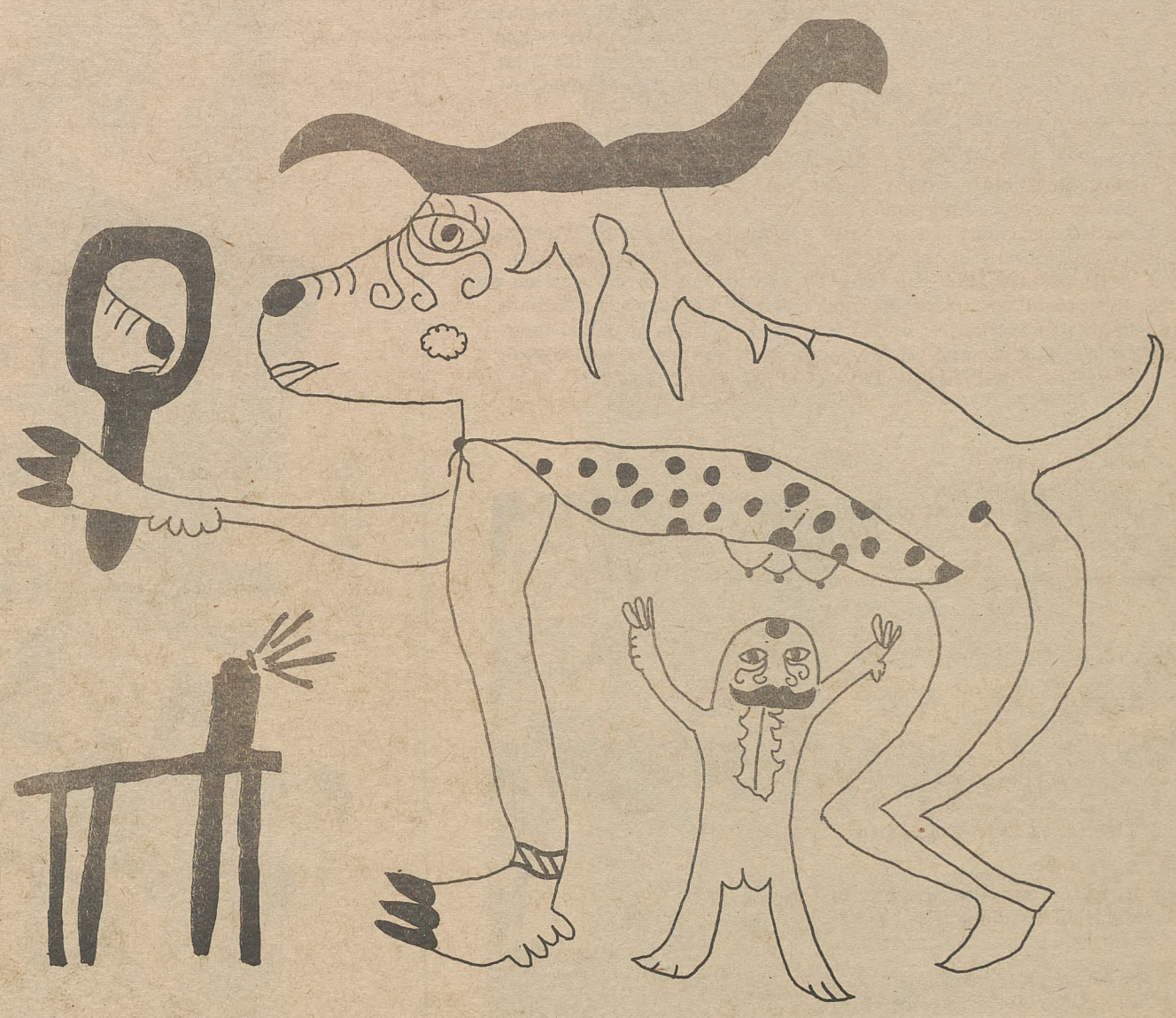
Happiness is Hopes
and Dreams and Trying
To Make Them Come True.

Happiness is Being with
Friends and knowing they
Accept you & LUV U for what
U are!
Happiness is Smile on a face
That didn't Used To Smile!
Seeing her Smile
Gave me new Hopes.

Happiness is a feeling
of contentment with life.
It's very fighting to Make
Life better Somehow
Happiness is a tremendous
thing! Sometimes, it takes
LOTS OF WORK! Sometimes
it can be hidden right
under our nose! Sometimes,
we search so hard, we can't
find it, for the searching!
Sometimes, we always look,
the other way!

f b i (2)

On the microfilm
Found in the hollow nickel:-
Big black brute of a
locomotive
Pushing the snowflakes of
Winter over the hill,
While chugging the
Flowers of spring up, up, up
The ski lift
To rescue the
Masked hampster
Who had sunk deeply
Into the mountain of
Cotton candy;
In, over his hip boots,
Which he was wearing to
Eliminate tell tale
Footprints in the
Ketchup of the
French chef's Alps,
Where cattails are
Gathered and roasted,
Sending up smoke signals
Before they are eaten
Between Eucalyptus leaves.
(The koala
Snapped the sequence.)



TM

(3)

Let the pens drip ink
in meaningless patterns
on blank paper
we don't have toread it
much less understand.

(3)

I asked the child
playing with a paper boat
by the river
What is love?
and he said,
It is the moon
floating at night
on the water
and I told him
that a beautiful woman
perished in the river
because she
reached for the moon

The Violent Men (6)

Caught between them,
Foul words
Engulf the air;
All around,
Venemous eyes
Glazed with hate.
On one side, Nazi,
On the other, Weatherman.
But who is where?
The screams,
The weapons upraised,
I cannot tell
What flames
Come from whom.
And in that moment
As my life stands upon the
Precipice,
I realize
That as we regress
Into the tactics of
The enemy,
We become the enemy!

VOICE, BUT NO WORDS (8)

Voice, but no words, come out of my mouth!
The noises I make, don'tresemble human speech at all!
But I go on, trying, as nard as I can, to say one word.
One little word; JUST ONE LITTLE WORD; If I knew, I could
say just one tiny word! I think I could say them all.
World, World, please, please, Help ME!

MY IMAGINATION (8)

Sometimes, I hate it;
Sometimes, I love it;
Sometimes, I wish it would go
away and never return again.
But other times, I wish I had more!
But it's a part of me now and I hope,
it'll do someone, some good!

(and it has...-ed.)

grits

Martin Walker

Wonder Warthog used to be a man with flaming red hair which wreathed empires and mazes around his head as he danced. It was of a length which had nothing to do with style or fashion or politics or culture. The length was but a quality of the hair, as natural and inevitable as cold weather in winter.

And Wonder Warthog is a fan. He loves the music of a group who have painted on their truck "GRITS-instant breakfast music". The word "grits" means a lot to them. One of their best compositions is called "as the world grits" and they even have a packet of the instant things in their kitchen.

And Wonder Warthog loved it all. But then Wonder Warthog was found by our worthy custodians of the public peace to be drinking an alcaholic substance. On a Saturday. In the street. So Wonder Warthog was in jail until monday and somewhere along the way of the experience (he is naturally reticent) most of his hair got lost.

Now the group GRITS was delighted with Wonder Warthog. He was a fan, a dancing fan and therefore cherished. And I first heard them play when they believed WW still to be in possession of hair and the grace that went with it. They were very good.

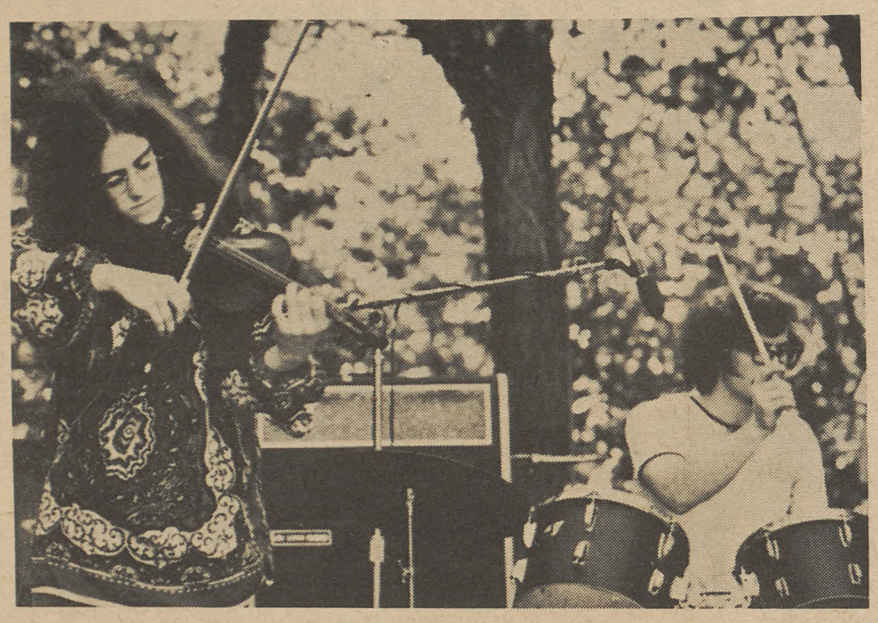
But the next day was a gig, and Wonder, shorn of his glory was there, and Grits were not so good. It was an open air performance at Reno Park and the crowd was thin and the girls to shy to dance with Wonder because his hair was, you know, normal.

I felt very bad about it all. I had heard GRITS before and liked their music and had met the people and liked them even more so I am blaming the bad performance at Reno Park on the people who made Wonder Warthog lose his hair. Some of the kharma had gone sour.

But the music is still good. And Wonder Warthog's hair will grow again and Rick will write more music and maybe Amy and Tom will learn to play even more instruments. Already they play violin, viola, and all the guitars. Then there is Rick the writer who sings some and plays the keyboards. Rick is hung up on the "Y"- his songs keep mentioning toes that get stubbed there and ties that are dry there. He used to be a music director at the Arena Stage. Tom studied atOberlin Conservatoire and drummer Bob came out of Eastern Carolina. Amy just lived with Rick. They speak in the same rhytnm, as though their voices have grown together.

In their music, the rhythms vary to the point of discordancy. Here a Sergeant Pepper, there a Zappa, hints of Sha-na-na and through it all a vein of humor which makes their set feel more like an off-Broadway satirical revue than a musical performance.

And thank God for that. They really are funny. I mean it. They have a classical piece called Scherzo which lulls you at the beginning into thinking it is simply a brisk little thing by Vivaldi but all of a sudden you are off on a whirlwind tour down European music. Almost pretentious romantic chords, tone poems- we get Ravelled up in tangles and then double time and it is over and you're laughing at the end because you were tricked three or four times, but you enjoyed it.



Then they have a sequence called "Back Seat Bunny/The Night You Told Me My Body Was a Must" which is funny in the way tricky lyrics at college pantomimes are funny. There is tradition here, we are taking off a fine old tradition but we love itreally and this is only innocent fun. And it was innocent fun and it worked. Amy hungered over the mike like some stuffed and hungry blonde and in the voice of a torch singer gave us those Shirley Temple wide eyes fixed on heaven and sang a song about how a nice girl gets to be a whore and then Rick comes in with teenage saliva about his back seat bunny. Amy's voice is an asset. They ought to use it more. She only belts a song once, in the last bars of "Feast of Flesh", and it sounded very challenging, defiant and pathetic at once, like Piaf in the rich days.

I have a soft spot for Amy. I was round at their house one night before the gig, listening to the rehearsal, eating watermelon and all, and we were all packed into the room with the equipment and amplifiers and musicians. Amy was sitting on an amplifier and there was only candle light and a tiny red light on the amp. Amy sat on the corner, legs apart a and the light glowed between her legs. And as she played she tapped her foot and the thigh went up and down and the red light flicked on and off as her thigh blocked it from my eyes. All this at a hundred and plenty decibels. What's more, she has the kind of hair that gives her a halo wher the light is behind her so she always looks as though she is in soft focus like the heroines in 30's movies.

Bob is the drummer. Bob Sims. From the profile he looks like Trotsky with a sparse goatee. His jaw looks so sharp that you can't believe there is enough flesh for the beard to grow in. From the front he looks more like Peter Fonda and he has that supreme drummer gift of being able to change pace without changing rhythm. Tom is the lean one with the thick hair over his face and the face, if not the eyes of a fanatic. He makes you think of deserts and evangelists in thin harsh robes. But his voice is amazing. It is like the Eifel Tower. Every constituent part of it is metallic and sharp. Girders, rivets, rods and steel. But the overall shape and effect is curving and smooth.

Tom sings on a sequence they call Emulsion. It stands for a combination of "Emily Icebound" and "That Old Illusion". In a way, this sequence is the best thing they do. It is heavily Beatles and could be straight from Sergeant Pepper. In their other songs, too often the lyrics are raw, the mood changes in the music too strident, hammering home to us the fact that this is all experiment. This band is growing and the things they have absorbed, like Connie Francis's heartaches and the Beatles acid era, come through clean and professional. It is in the gropings for their own coherence that the false notes, the ambitious failures and jumble of styles come to confuse and dissapoint the audience. But you know that this is what they have to do, because otherwise they would be playing what others have done. They are trying to do it for themselves.

As soon as their gig was finished, another group began. They were slick, could sound like an album (they sounded like any album, anytime, anywhere) and nobody felt involved. This new band had the kind of musicians whose hair was long, but really neat. Baby-boy fluffy or tv-ad smooth. They were quasi-professional musicians and didn't play a false note. But they didn't play a great one either. At least GRITS plays the occasional great note. You get to understand Wonder Warthog. GRITS can make him jerk -, and flow and even twist. This band is going a long way. Keep listening.

(Incidentally, they will be playing at Emergency, in Georgetown, on the weekend of the 16th and 17th)

CHARING CROSS
first stop in the Underground

3027 M Street
in
Georgetown

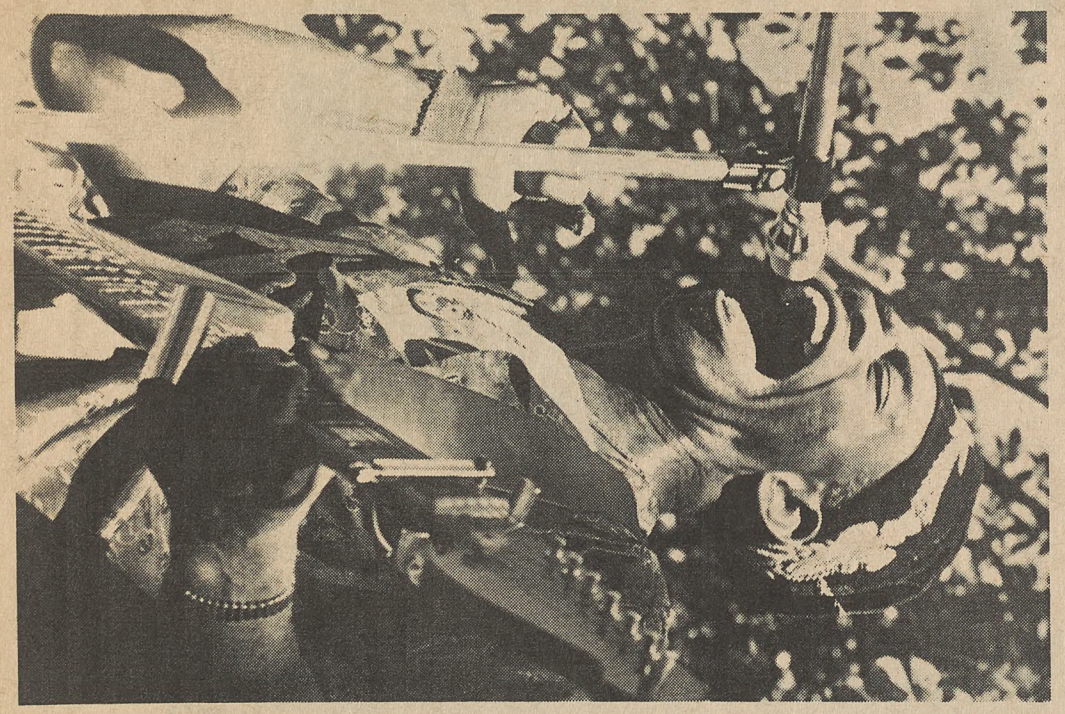
Italian food by
YOLANDA

AUTHORIZED WARRANTY for SCOTT, NIKKO, PIONEER & KIRKSAETER

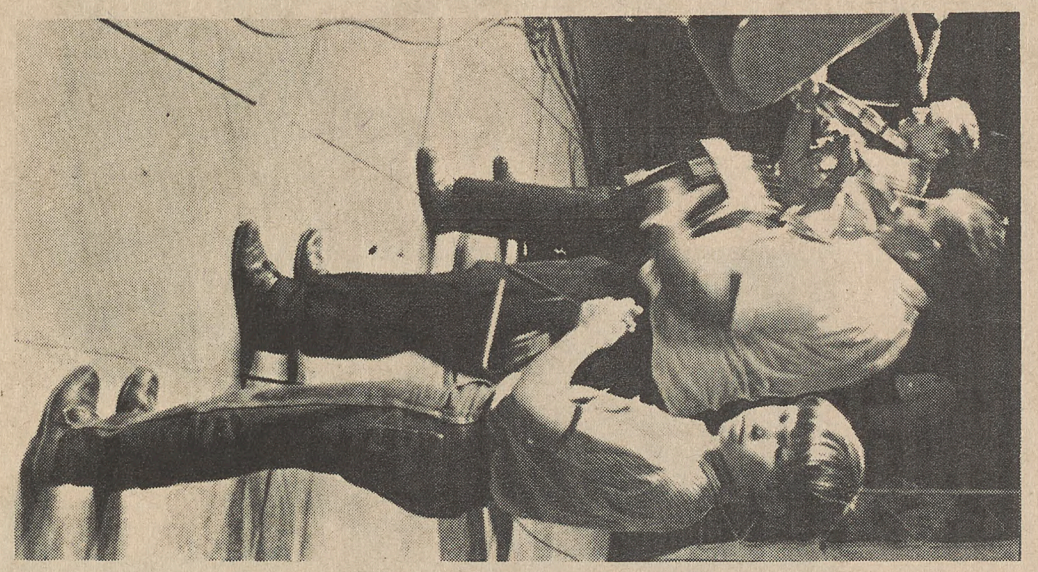
92 VIKING | MIRACORD | LEAR | SANSUI
96 THORENS | SCOTT | DUAL | GARRARD
100 FISHER | TEAC | MCINTOSH | SONY
104 KENWOOD | EICO | AMPEX
108

CUSTOM ELECTRONIC SERVICE
COMPONENT STEREO
FAST QUALITY SERVICE ON ALL
MAJOR BRAND COMPONENTS

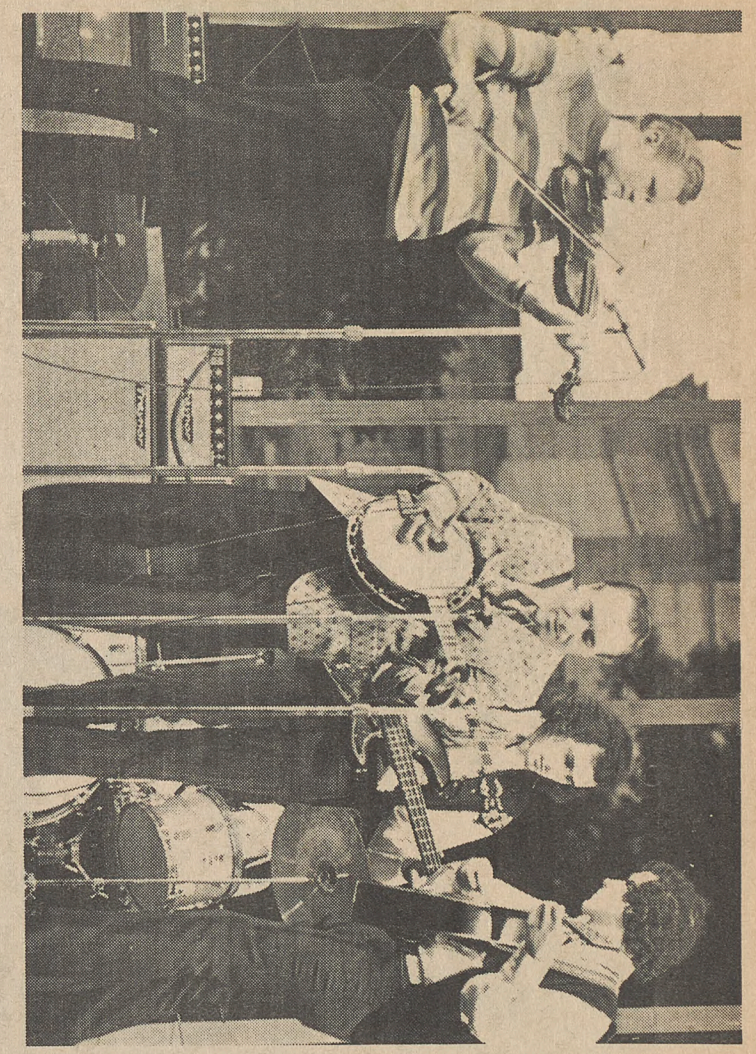
We Buy and Sell Used Components
PICK UP & DELIVERY SERVICE
FREE PARKING
WEEKDAYS 9:30 to 6:00 SATURDAY 9:00 to 5:00
1813 COLUMBIA RD. N.W. Phone: (202) 667-2150 WASHINGTON, D.C



John Hartford

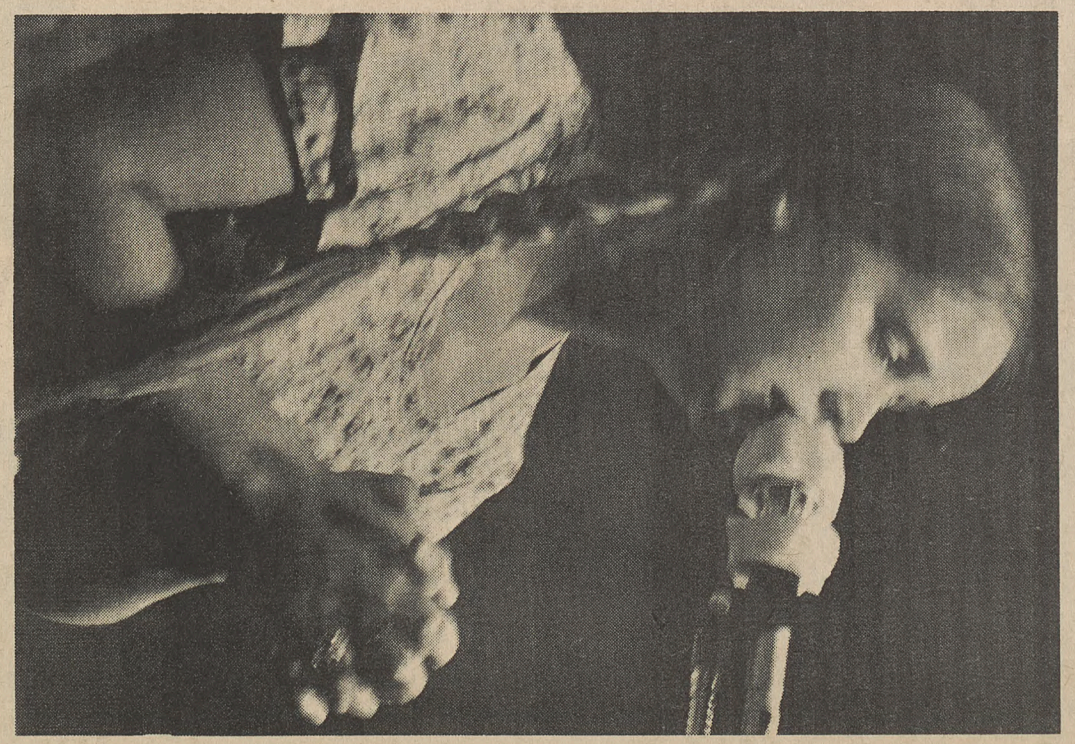


Cajun Rhytms



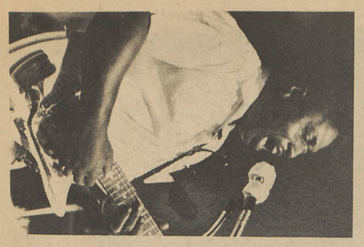
The Scruggses & Vassar Clemens

J. B. Hutto

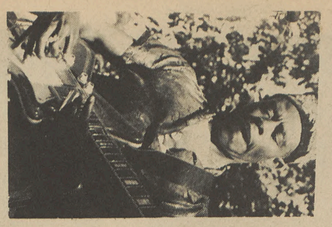


Tracy Nelson

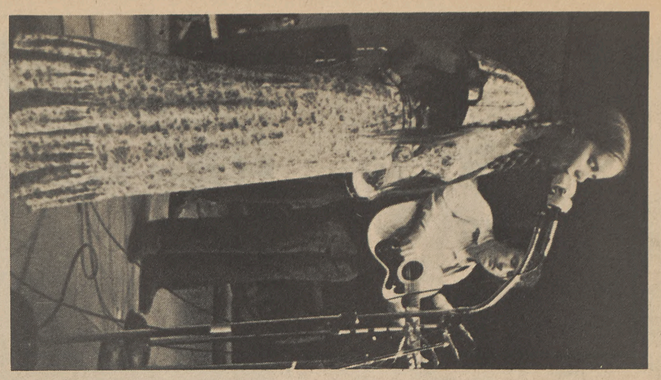
FESTIVAL
OF
AMERICAN
FOLKLIFE
JULY 1-5, 1971
photos by
Pattie Pearson.



Johnny Shines

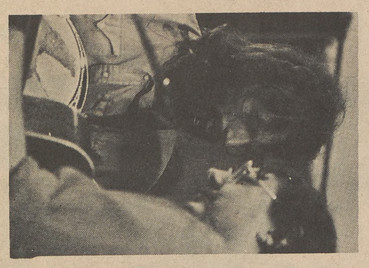


J. B. Hutto

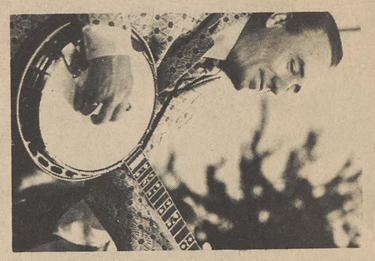


Tracy Nelson

Earl Scruggs & Vassar Clemens



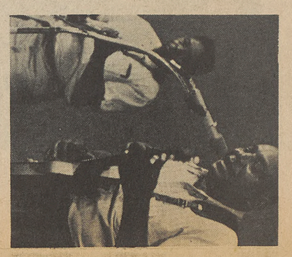
John Hartford & Norman Blake



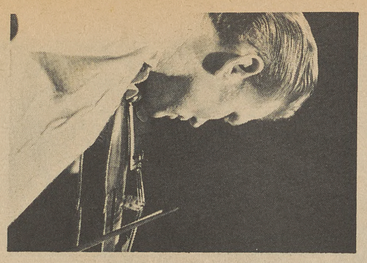
Earl Scruggs

J. B. Hutto & Damian

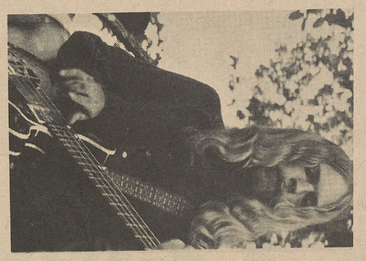
Bill Williams



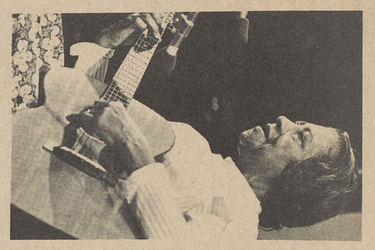
Shines & Stackhouse



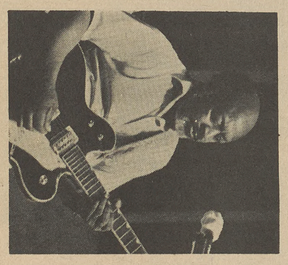
Vassar Clemens



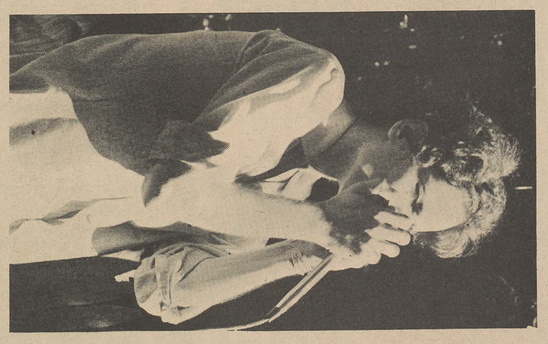
Bill Griggs' bassist



Elizabeth Cotton

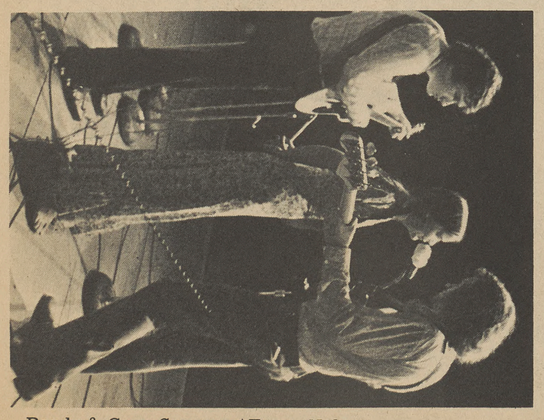


Robert Junior Walker

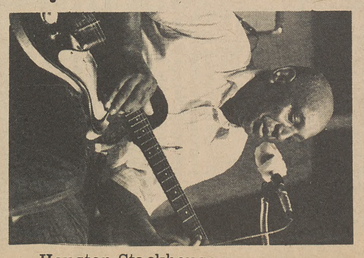


Damian Einstein

Cajun Band



Randy & Gary Scruggs *Tracy Nelson



Houston Stackhouse

FILM NOTES tom shales

"McCabe and Mrs. Miller" at the Cinema
"Death in Venice" at the Fine Arts
"Plaza Suite" at the Apex
The Columbia Series at the AFI

Pernaps because I look as though I need guidance, people come up to me when emerging from a movie they have just seen--and which I am about to see--and give me one-liner critiques. Not people I know, just people. A young fellow coming out of "Love Story" said, "Sad, man," and then laughed. Another guy emerging from a 42nd Street gore smorgasborg said, "That picture is somethin else." A teenygirl clawing her way out of "Gimme Shelter" said, "o, very depressing. "All these people came out of theatres in New York, by tne way, not in this fuddyduddy town. The latest instant analysis came to me just before Visconti's "Death in Venice" and the word from the volunteer critic was "Boring as hell."

It is something as hell, but not boring. (Bertucelli's "Ramparts of Clay, "at the Inner Circle, similarly, is excruciating, a virtual endurance test, a vacuum, but not boring). I am not sure Visconti can be anything so mundane as boring. "The Damned" was mortifying perhaps, or prepostorous, but it steadfastly refused to bore. "Death in Venice" pulls you close to the screen and close to death in a dying city, and its grip on you becomes so sure and even subtle that you could, indeed, forget you were being gripped. The long, arduous, painstaking pans may be irritating at first, or at least self-conscious, but eventually they, the stifling color, Dirk Bogarde's performance, and the face of That Boy harmonize into an elaborate and obsessive hallucination.

It is a movie, after all, about a relentless obsession: the face not only of a boy, but of youth, of art, conjuring reminders of the incipient inevitabilities of mortality. It has been said that the old composer Aschenbach's intense infatuation with the young Tadzio is an asexual attraction, but that presupposes that all aesthetic impulses must be asexual. No, it is more a quasi-sexual attraction;it springs from the poet's heart, all right, but it has other origins in other parts of the body. True, it is the boy's face that Aschenbach seems most haunted by, but that face conveys the same sensual duality--innocence and evil--that has fascinated less intellectual characters of fiction and fact. Bjorn Andresen, who embodies this ideal, is insanely provocative, both threatening and vulnerable and, of course, adoringly photographed by Visconti, who may very well have fallen in love with the boy himself, which should do nothing for the fi film but enhance its credibility.

But this is surely not, absolutely not, the story of an old man who comes out of the closet on his death chair, who discovers that boys are just swell after a marriage and a child of his own. People who are simplifying this film and its themes in this way are the victims of their own hangups and yearnings for the cliche and not of Visconti's alleged homage to beautiful boys everywhere. If that homage is there--and why the hell not?--it never obscures the deeper forces of the story, the deeper conflicts and refined ironies within the relationship, if it can even be called that, and within Aschenbach himself.

No particular metaphor emerges triumphant from this ordeal, yet several shift and whisper about and beneath it, cancelling each other out perhaps in the final moment when Aschenbach dies and everything else is ruled inadmissible. In a similar spirit, surely one of the hideous possibilities which occurs to Aschenbach as he ponders the boy, Tadzio, from sight or from memory or in fantasy, is that the boy's effortless and irrevocable beauty in itself renders much of the hassle and torment of the composer's creative life petty and irrelevant. It may even endorse the seemingly philistine notion that art is what people who aren't beautiful do to make up for not being beautiful themselves. The boy's face may in fact reduce all of Aschenbach's music to futile rumbling, the last vision of his life revealing the futility of the creative act and the essential uselessness of aesthetic theory. Visconti, I believe, does not want to control every thought that occurs to us as we look into the face that Aschenbach dies for; dialogue is so sparse that, looking back on the film, it is hard to remember if a single word was spoken in it. If any were, they may not have been necessary. Except perhaps for Aschenbach's simple and solitary declaration, " I love you, Tadzio."

Dirk Bogarde, as Aschenbach, is given a tremendous burden by the director, who has dwelled on him so closely, and surrounded him with such sweeping silences that any performance , no matter how natural, is bound to seem studied. If this does, it is still worth studying. Find me a better film actor than Bogarde; he grorifies trash and, here, finds unexpected poignancies while still refusing to plead for sympathy.

"Death in Venice" is more than a movie about an obsession. It is more than a movie. It is an obsession. It lingers, it haunts, it afflicts. A pain so fierce it is almost funny. And nothing can stop it.

Almost at once you forgive "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" for opening with a folk song. For one thing, the song is by Leonard Cohen, and it's not bad. But there are other things. Things that make Robert Altman's latest film--which is also Warren Beatty's latest film, and even Julie Christie's latest film--tough, true, and encouragingly impossible to define. It is not a Western, really; it is sort of a parable; it is kind of a comedy, more of a tragedy, and everybody in it is great.

Somehow Altman has brought together the best elements from all his previous films--the tension of "That Cold Day in the Park", the fresh naturalism of "M-A-S-H", the unpredictability of "Brewster McCloud". And he certainly has a way with actors--though it could be argued that no one has a way with Beatty. Regardless, he was never better than as the frontier entrepeneur whose efforts to supply the men of an incredibly dirty western town with necessities is doomed because capitalism breeds cannibalism--the corporate kind--and when he doesn't dance with the big boys, they come after him. Julie Christie's Mrs. Miller is the sassy Madame who joins with McCabe and helps him build a profitable (and exemplary) whorehouse but who does not suffer from his boyish naivete. She has the cruel good sense to see it all coming, so she goes off to dreamland smoking opium. Warren, meanwhile, is out there in the snow being gunned down by three of the snarliest, most menacing killers ever to stalk anybody.

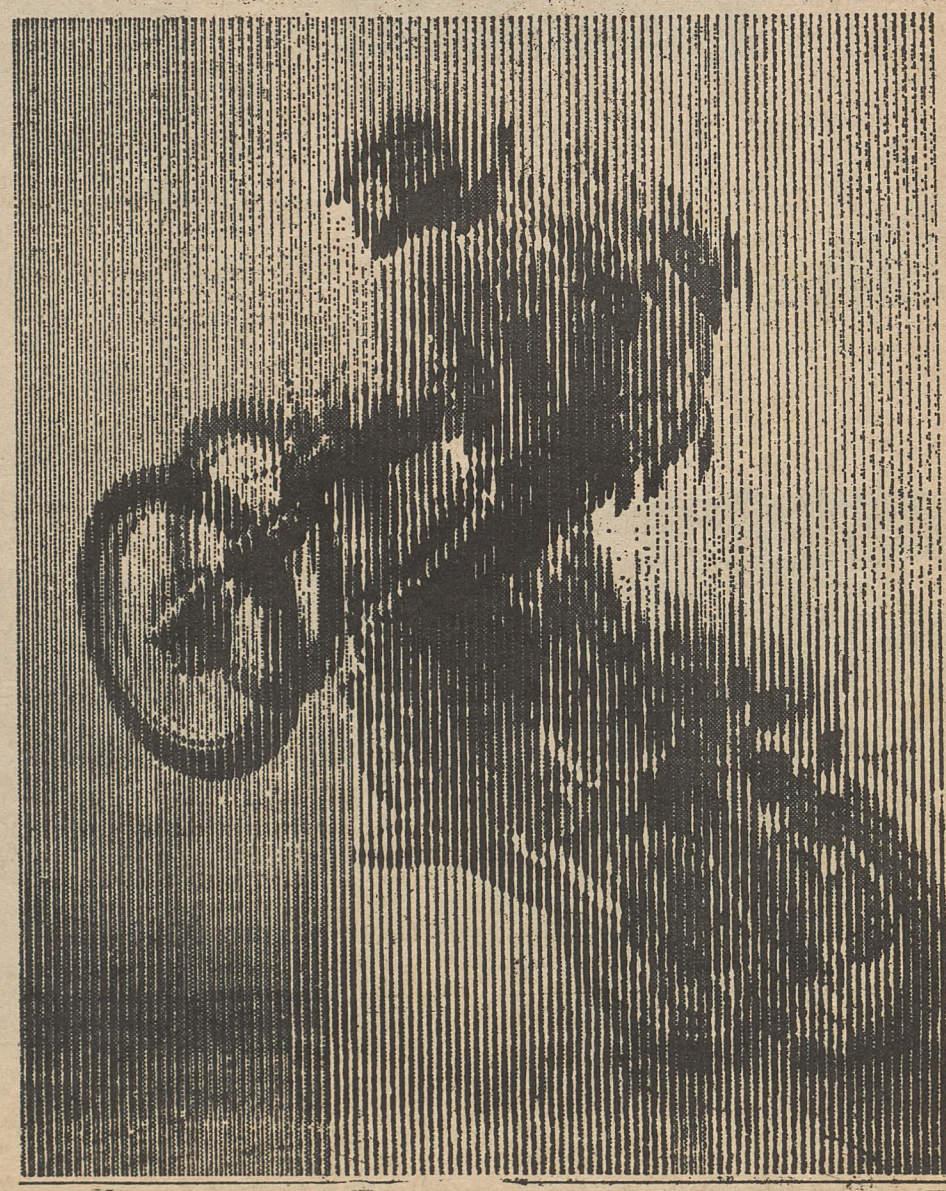
McCabe and Mrs. Miller are, of course, ministers--they literally minister to the real needs of the town, helping to satisfy the working class quest for someplace to forget you're the working class--a bar to get drunk in, a gambling house in which to demonstrate your basic contempt for the money you are forced to earn (by losing a great deal of it) and a bed in which to get your rocks off. Everything is fine, but under this system, it can't be. The dudes from out of town want to take over. The town's self-proclaimed "min ister", meanwhile, is a whimpering simp pathetically oblivious to real needs and anxious to replace them, and dignify the rabble, with some idiocy about Jesus (whose recent re-emergence as a cult hero strikes me as something like a new low in camp.) It is , in fact, this wretch who ultimately hands McCabe over to the killers. And the townspeople to whom McCabe and Mrs. Miller minister are not a grateful lot. They listen to liars with their mouths open and stand by dumbly when an innocent kid--by any possible standards, a hippie--is shot down in front of them. This is smalltown America, heartland America, in lamentable microcosm, and it makes you kind of sick.

Altman stresses the ballad nature od the film with too much ballad at the beginning. All right, the song's OK, but it keeps re-surfacing, becoming very interruptive and not always working as punctuation. Altman seems to be building blackouts without punch-lines (or, indeed, blacking-out) and then here's old Leonard Cohen again, repeating the rather annoying line about Beatty being a "Joseph looking for a manger." Once, it goes down all right, but when repeated, Altman gives the impression that he's working too hard at something that should come easier. Eventually, of course, it does, it comes easy, but it goes down hard. Those closing scenes, with Beatty being hounded during a painfully idyllic, insiduously pastoral snowfall, while the locals misplace their energy in a burning church (not knowing they will be better off when the thing is a harmless mass of ashes) and Mrs. Miller avoiding the pain completely by tripping out-- all this plays with your emotions in a devilish, devastating way.

I don't suppose even half as many people who saw the Cinema Theatre's previous "attraction", "Love Story", will see "McCabe and Mrs. Miller", despite a stalwart effort by some establishment critics to save the picture from the indifference of even the company that released it. (Incidentally, all you serious movielovers out there must feel somewhat affronted by the new Warner Bros. logo--underneath the WB it says "A Kinney Leisure Service, "which is a goddamn condescending way to start a film as enjoyably important as this one is. Why not tack the old cartoon close, "That's all, folks!" on the end and be somewhat consistent?) The only conclusions to be drawn from this comparison are so discouraging that they shouldn't even see the light of print.

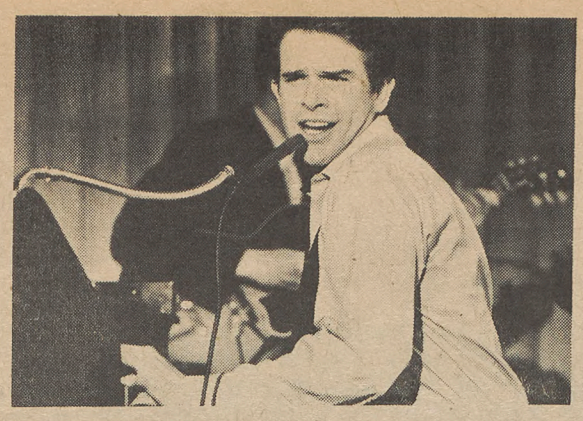
MOTORCYCLE SPORT AND THE MEN WHO RIDE ON ANY SUNDAY

A FILM BY BRUCE BROWN WHO MADE 'ENDLESS SUMMER'



outer circle 1 — A film from Cinema 5 — Rated G

4849 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. • Phone 244-3116



Warren Beatty in "Mickey One"

We have to feel something closer to pity than contempt for such stupid idiots as the one who re-viewed "Plaza Suite" for a local newspaper whose initials are "The W. P.". This critic who nobody ever heard of before was insulted by the film. Insulted. The same smartass pose so often assumed by Judith Crist in New York--full of "How dare they put this in front of me?" and ostensible, though thouroughly phoney, assumption of the role of ombudsman for the poor and mistreated amd highly insulted moviegoers of the world. Bullshit.

"Plaza Suite" is just funny middleclass comedy from the patron saint, Neil Simon, who still compiles gags as well as anybody. Three stories make up the film, all set in one suite of the Plaza Hotel. That quintessential nobody, Arthur Hiller, directed, with no discernible distinction, but the laughs come regardless. Seeing to that in all three stories is Walter Matthau, the other generation's Elliot Gould who has proven considerably more durable and funnier, too--maybe even younger. In this film, Matthau has the benefit, as do we all, of three of the best comic actresses alive--Maureen Stapleton, Barbara Harris, and Lee Grant. Not enough could be said about any of them, so I won't say anything, except that it's nice to have Barbara Harris back in the movies, and wait until she assaults your heart again in "Who is Harry Kellerman and why is he saying those terrible things about me?" She stops not just the picture but the earth in its tracks. Lee Grant, who was sensational in "The Landlord", makes the addled mother in the last episode a very desirable demon indeed.

Simon has cleverly escalated the level of comedy from slow at the outset to frenetic at the close. Underlying it all is a pervasive sense of materialist melancholy which, while it won't cause anybody's dad to turn in his electric lawnmower and set off for Walden, still must get to the people for whom it was intended even as they laugh at those jokers on the screen and think of how much they remind them of their neighbors.

Some people point to Neil Simon as prime exploiter of the masses, but he is surely in a league above such schlock artists as Rod McKuen, Erch Segal, Jacqueline Susann, Peter Max and other great culture villains of our time.

The second half of the Columbia Studios series at the American Film Institute Theatre is loaded with big hits and amazing oddities. Among them:

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (Sat., Juky 17) finds Orson Welles the director at his most ebulliently baroque and Orson Welles the actor at his most mannered, with an Irish accent that never quite fits but who cares anyway? He plays a simple chump who is made the patsy for a vicious scheme involving rich Everett Sloane at his meanest and Rita Hayworth at whatever. Tremendous pretentious fun--ultimately just goofy, but a lark and something of a freak-out too.

THE JOLSON STORY (Sun., July 18) was fatso at the boxoffice, necessitating a 1946 comeback for Al Jolson, the most dazzling egomania, perhaps, ever to lay siege to a stage. In movie bio terms, of course, that just comes out "brash" or maybe, at worst, impetuous. But Larry Parks does a dandy imitation--helped by a voice that's the real thing--and the movie has a kind of period frenzy that pulls it forward through its stock showbiz life. Jolson's sentiment was so shameless--in songs like "Sonny Boy"--that it achieves its own peculiar purity.

ON THE WATERFRONT (Thurs., July 22) is more than the young Marlon Brando on display, but that would be enough, because his power as an actor was enormous. But the film is a model of the civilized liberal (Elia Kazan) decrying corruption in high places and finding hope for salvation in the indestructible dignity of the little man. One of those Great Endings like they don't end movies with any more.

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER (Mon., July 26) is masterful evasiveness, for one thing, as it relates but just barely the details of a corrupt man's life and the effect they have on others. It was shown on network TV-virtually uncut even with its intimations of homosexuality and cannibalism--because almost nothing in it is ever explicit. Except, that is, the strength and showy depth of its performances--by Katherine Hepburn, Montgomery Clift, and Elizabeth Taylor. The film begins with long, slow, continuous takes, and there is no special glory in it for the director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, except for a triumph of mood and an appropriate visual style for the murkin ess of Tennessee William's themes. That is, murk unto murk.

MICKEY ONE (Tues., July 27), a paranoid's delight, is Arthur Penn's sensational jazzmovie about a nightclub comic running from who-are-they? and feeling betrayal at every turn for help. He runs, and stammers, and discovers the dismal answer to the question posed by a gospel group: "Is there any word from the Lord?" Warren Beatty is fear itself as Mickey and there are two arresting actors in the film: Franchot Tone as an old man who recommends his way, selling out and giving up; and Hurd Hatfield, his face having aged considerably since he was "Dorian Gray" but with its essential perversity intact. Penn's style is perfectly tense and jagged; he is running with Mickey, and the resilient visual imagery includes using the spotlight as a wicked all-seeing symbol in a darkened, empty nightclub. And the best jazz score in the movies ever--by Eddie Salter, I think--couldn't have been better used.

The series ends with Stanley Kubrick's ultimate lunatic comedy. "Dr. Strangelove," on Fri., July 30 and with the American premiere of much-maligned Joseph Losey's latest film "The Go-Between", with Julie Christie and Alan Bates, on Sat., July 31. Losey's "Figures In A Landscape", by the way, finally got a New York booking and, hopefully but certainly not definitely, a Washington one will follow (perhaps when the sharks have been chased out of the Janus 1and 2. God!) All AFI times are 8pm unless otherwise noted, and the phone number over there, for a complete program, is 554-1000.

NARRAGANSETT LEATHERS
Capitol Hill

CUSTOM MADE
SANDALS
319 7th St. S.E.
Wash. D.C. 544-2211

'A good newspaper should comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable.'

The DC GAZETTE is a good newspaper.

WHETHER fighting for DC statehood or against more freeways, for neighborhood democracy or against urban land speculators, the DC Gazette serves as a journal of free voices, written by and for people who seek major changes in the city they love. For the next ten issues, send $1 to the DC Gazette, 109 8th St. NE, DC 20002.

THE CELEBRATED STORY OF A MAN OBSESSED BY IDEAL BEAUTY.

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS A FILM BY LUCHINO VISCONTI

Death in Venice

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS A FILM BY LUCHINO VISCONTI / DIRK BOGARDE IN "DEATH IN VENICE"
WITH MARK BURNS / INTRODUCING BJORN ANDRESEN / GUEST STARRING SILVANA MANGANO / PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR® / SCREENPLAY BY LUCHINO VISCONTI NICOLA BADALUCCO
FROM THE NOVEL BY THOMAS MANN MUSIC BY GUSTAV MAHLER / PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY LUCHINO VISCONTI / ASSOCIATE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ROBERT GORDON EDWARDS / EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MARIO GALLO
from Warner Bros. A Kinney Leisure Service GP

Fine Arts
1919 M ST. N.W. • 223-4438

THEATER

Paul Jones

Theater Lobby: two plays by John Hawkes

The Wax Museum ...
I don't know how to be happy with this play, except perhaps in the sense of an overture by the orchestra which allows time to warm up, to find intonations, to let the late arrivers arrive, and then to get on the body of the thing. Short, to its point, yet startlingly obscure in its desired ends or ambivelantly provocative means, there arise overtones of every thing somehow perverted starting with a sense of the overly beaten gorse of women's liberation, on to sublimation through the rites of sexual neutralization, to overt lesbianism warped by forced entry, and finally to turnabout and the beginning of all these again.
Oh damn. I can't help it, all these words. Here I am, at my abstract best because of mostly technical faults: the set obscured the best part of the stage (which is a product of the space problem at TL), the lighting was literally dulling, and I'm not so sure the play was well cast. So, no more of that.
I like what I think the play was driving at; it may be the fault of the script as much as the production, but I'm not sure. Something needs work.

The Innocent Party...
succeeds in almost every area where the Wax Museum doesn't. Grease the pan with the oil of worldliness and arrogance, flour it with the dust of puberty, mix the spice of aged racism and the rotten eggs os small dreams and insular hopes; bake in the oven of degraded existence at outside temperature and I ate it up.
"Colored Only:Vacancy", found in the swamp behind the old motel where Edward and Beatrix make a house, the sign is a sign, literally and metaphorically for them of what evrything can come down to. "Think of it, think of it, 'Colored Only:Vacancy.' Now do you understand?" she screams and Phoebe, worldtraveller the softmouse of ennui, moneyed and eyed for that wealth, laughs, chokes on her own pity;pubescent/daughter of lonesome couple B and E touches herself , tears away at being touched/not being touched. Poor Jane, the eldest, the only, the object of every bewildered pain in the history of her parents is to be saved , for something else.
What can I buy you for, you? With my honesty, with subterfuge, by force or attraction or sympathy? The dynamic of every relationship asks that very question on this stage, at this stage. Phoebe has come home from the outside to the inside where her brother prides himself on his collection of shells (!) and is debauched in spirit by the ripping away of every shell grown calcium-hard. Who can help, with what: money, sympathy, brutality?
But poor Jane, the yolk without a shell, is the only saleable item for these perverted people. The dancer and the dance, who can tell.

.....

The Theater Lobby has a valuable place here, and is becoming more and more valuable. The house is small, both in terms of people and space; they need more than they are getting in a lot of senses. I feel that there is alot to be done there which can be done but which requires some kind of opening, funding, support, looseness, an incredible amount of energy.

The Studio Theater

In the dingy alley behind the Crystal City Cafe, where the bums are really bums with a slap on the back and a "take it easy, mister," is a multicolored, starkly seperated little building housing a dance studio most of the time but rented out for the summer to experimental multi-media theatrics: dance, shadow and full form, still slides, film, light abstractions, voice and chant.
This was "Homage to Fire", or "Father Napalm's Rolling Thunder, do-in-yourself kit, with complete instructions for making mom's home-made jellied gasoline--including how to shout fir in a crowded world theatre and ignite a rite without really frying, "billed as a drama for players and multi-media, concieved by Mitchell Jamieson. Jamieson was one of the gr graphic artists to be sent to Southeast Asia several years ago as a poorly-rigged p. r. campaign for the Americanimage and who spat back into the bottomless spittoon of military arrogance.
I have never seen anything like this in DC and nave been wondering how long it would be before either somebody did it or I had to do it myself. But lets not let it die here, and above all let's not classify it out of existence by pat labelling. It's not "underground", it's not "avant-garde", it's not subject to any "ism" or "ese". It's pure and simple.

Next week Studio Theater is planning an unstaged script reading as "a new concept in audience and actor participation... with all persons attending asked to take part on stage..."
It's not yet a free theater (rent, you know) but its freer than anything else in terms of technique, mood, and the happiness to be.
Near Connecticut Ave. and R St. NW, in the alley behind Crystal City Cafe; for reservations and info call 232-5515.

THE SHUDDER RELEASE
A COUNTRY GALLERY
PHOTOGRAPHY
ART
ARTISANS WORK INVITED

TAKE:
495 TO EXIT 13 Va. 193 WEST
7.5 MILES TO SPRINGVALE ROAD,
RIGHT 2 MILES TO ROADS END

759-2415
759-2777

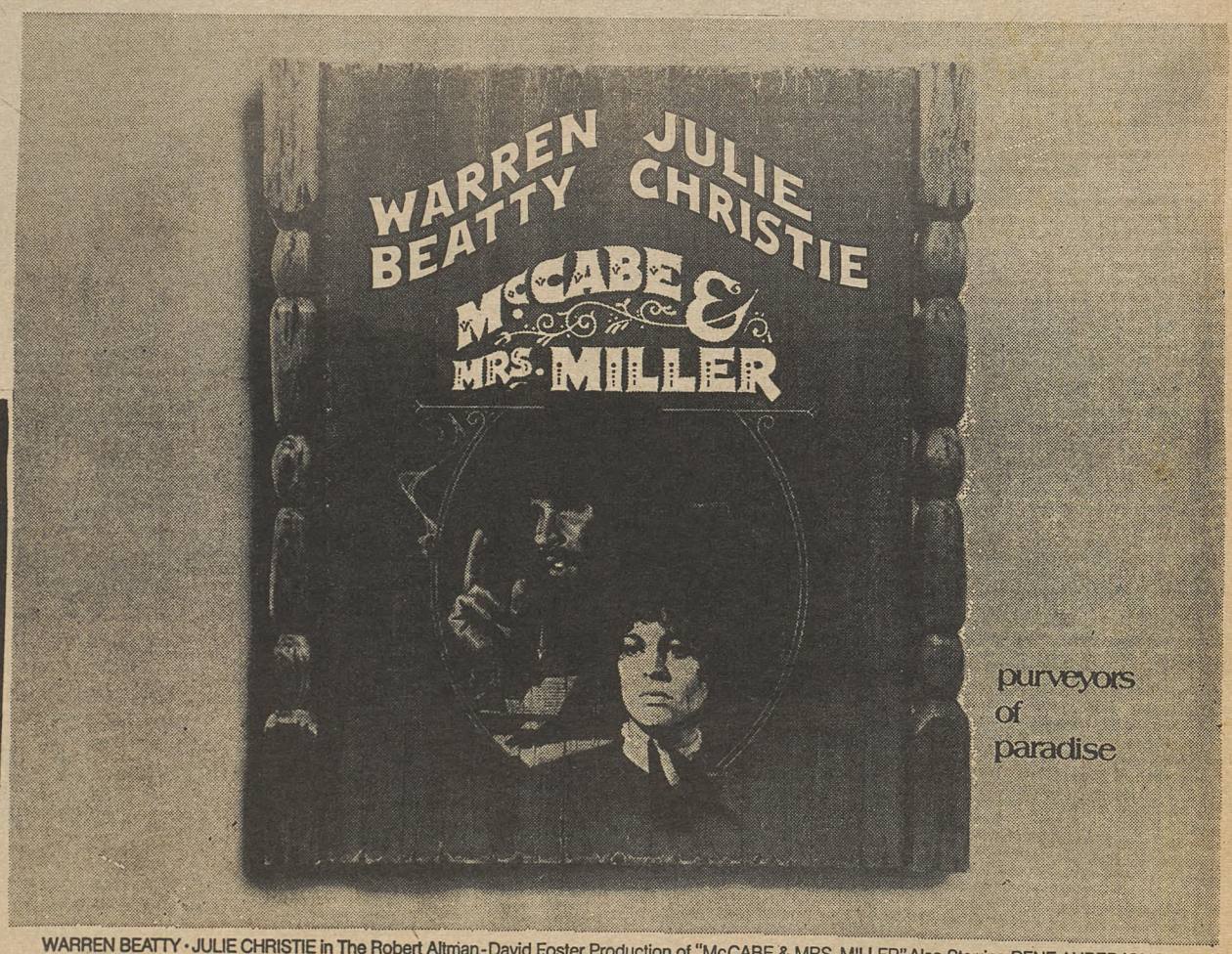
AMERICAN PREGNANCY TESTING SERVICE. Reliable, confidential & complete. Send urine sample & $10.00. Results by return mail within 24 hours. Free brochure & container. All mail in plain covers. A.P.T.S., 1029 Vermont Ave., NW, Suite 504, Wash., DC 20005. Please send brochure and container to:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

From WASHINGTON, D.C.
INTRODUCING THE
BONG™
THE ORIGINAL BONG WORKS
2314 18TH STREET N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C.
$15.00 AND UP
IN WASHINGTON CALL 232-9415
WHOLESALE INQUIRIES WELCOME
WHOLESALE BAMBOO FOR SALE
DEALERS WANTED
SERVING YOU BEST BY STAYING A HEAD IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL. OH YESSS!

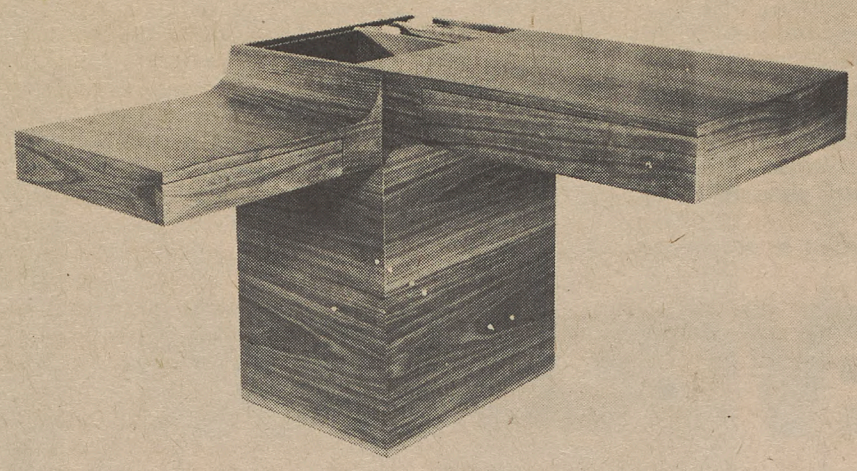


purveyors of paradise

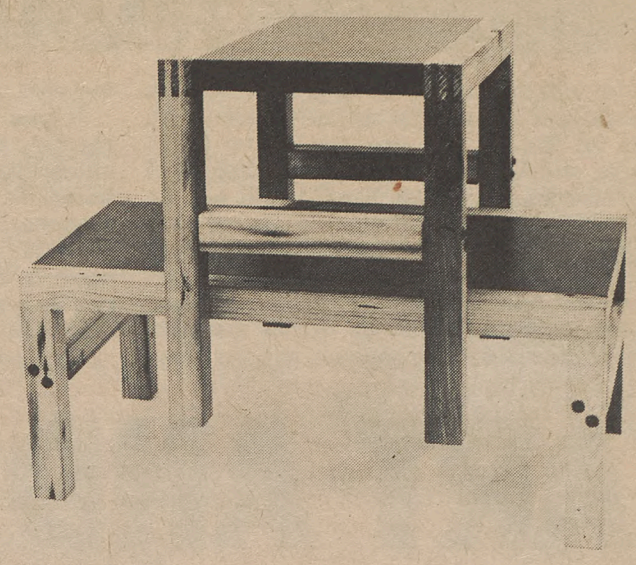
WARREN BEATTY · JULIE CHRISTIE in The Robert Altman-David Foster Production of "McCABE & MRS. MILLER" Also Starring RENE AUBERJONOIS
Screenplay by Robert Altman and Brian McKay · Based on the novel "McCabe" by Edmund Naughton · Produced by David Foster and Mitchell Brower
Directed by Robert Altman · PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR®
From Warner Bros. A Kinney Services Company
R RESTRICTED Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

NOW SHOWING

The Cinema
5100 WISC. AVE. N.W. • EM. 3-1875



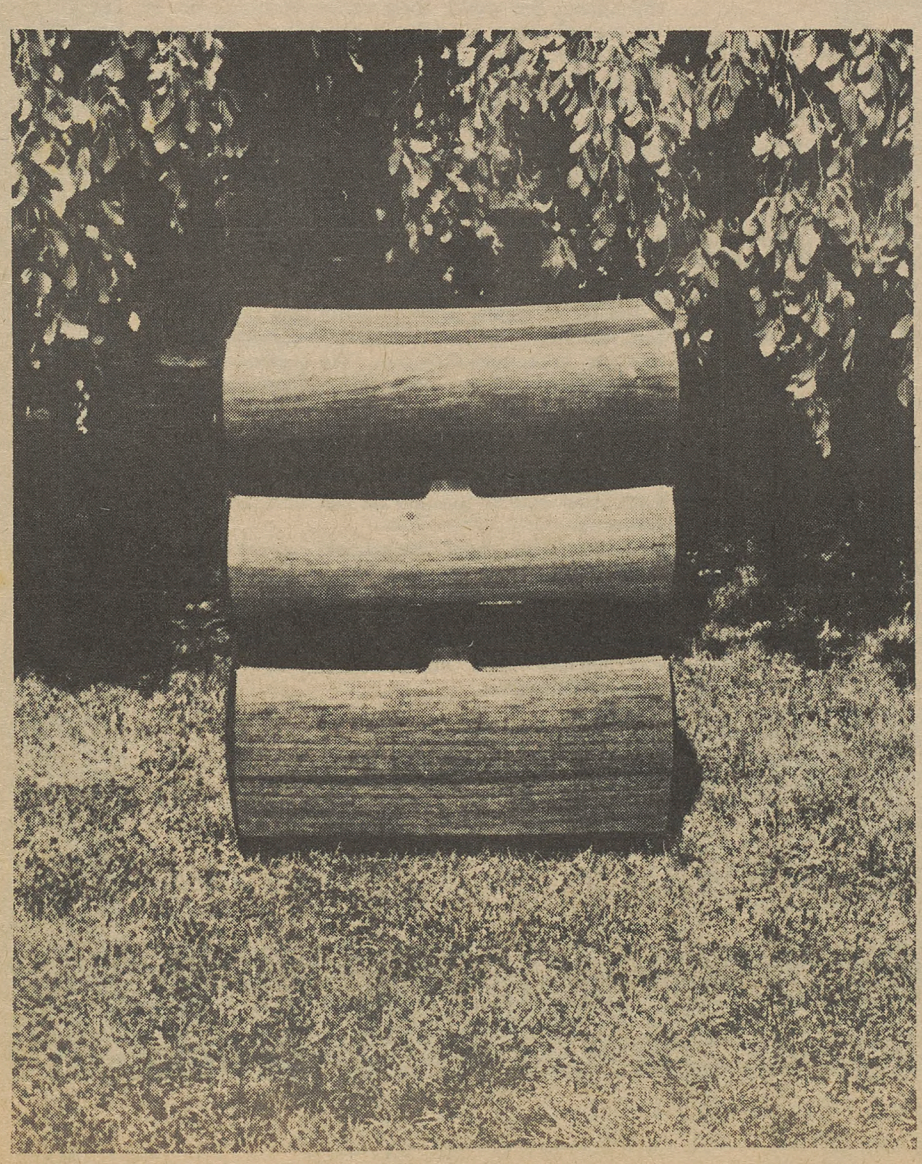
Receptionist desk



ınger jointed beam tables

David Ebner .. Designer Craftsman

David N. Ebner attended the Rochester Institute of Technology, School for American Craftsmen. He recieved his B. F. A. in Furniture Design and Woodworking. He studies under Wendel Castle, one of the foremost craftsmen in the country today. Later, he attended London School of Furniture Design and Production. Having done freelance design work prior to being drafted (he is getting out of the service just as we are publishing this), Ebner eventually hopes to have a studio and show room, selling one-of-a-kind originals. Someday, too, he hopes to work in complete environments.
All the designs of pieces in the pictures on this page are original. If you wish to contact David, call 578-4291.



hand-sculptured mahogany chest of drawers

mahogany chest of drawers-different angle

MANIFESTO

In the summer of 1938, Andre Breton, the founder and leader of the surrealist movement, went to Mexico and met the painter Diego Rivera, and Trotsky. Together they composed this Manifesto although Trotsky did not actually sign it. It was written at a time of great despair for the left in Europe. The Spanish War was ending in defeat and a world war was about to begin, and this is reflected in some of the paragraphs. But they tackled the problem of the artist's role head on, and the Manifesto has enormous relevance for us today.

It goes to the extreme of saying that from the very beginning, the revolution must "set up and assure an anarchist regime of individual freedom". This does seem an extraordinary statement for Trotsky to support and it is perhaps not surprising that he did not put his name to it. But in a letter written to Breton not long afterwards, Trotsky went on to declare that:

"truly independent creation in our period of convulsive reaction and return to savagery cannot fail to be revolutionary by its very spirit, for it can no longer seek a solution in an intolerable social asphyxiation. But art in its entirety and each artist in particular must seek this solution by individual means, without waiting for some external order, without tolerating it, rejecting it and covering with scorn all those who submit to it."

Clive Goodwin

ART AND REVOLUTION

We can say without exaggeration that never has civilization been menaced so seriously as today. The Vandals, with instruments which were barbarous, and so comparatively ineffective, blotted out the culture of antiquity in one corner of Europe. But today we see world civilization, united in its historic destiny, reeling under the blows of reactionary forces armed with the entire arsenal of modern technology. We are by no means thinking only of the world war that draws near. Even in times of 'peace' the position of art and science has become absolutely intolerable.

Insofar as it originates with an individual, insofar as it brings into play subjective talents to create something which brings about an objective enriching of culture, any philosophical, sociological, scientific or artistic discovery seems to be the fruit of a precious *chance*, that is to say, the manifestation, more or less spontaneous, of *necessity*. Such creations cannot be slighted, whether from the standpoint of general knowledge (which interprets the existing world), or of revolutionary knowledge (which, the better to change the world, requires an exact analysis of the laws which govern its movement). Specifically, we cannot remain indifferent to the intellectual conditions under which creative activity takes place, nor should we fail to pay all respect to those particular laws which govern intellectual creation.

In the contemporary world we must recognize the ever more widespread destruction of those conditions under which intellectual creation is possible. From this follows of necessity an increasingly manifest degradation not only of the work of art but also of the specifically 'artistic' personality. The régime of Hitler, now that it has rid Germany of all those artists whose work expressed the slightest sympathy for liberty, however superficial, has reduced those who still consent to take up pen or brush to the status of domestic servants of the régime, whose task it is to glorify it on order, according to the worst possible aesthetic conventions. If reports may be believed it is the same in the Soviet Union, where Thermidorean reaction is now reaching its climax.

It goes without saying that we do not identify ourselves with the currently fashionable catchword: 'Neither fascism nor communism!' a shibboleth which suits the temperament of the Philistine, conservative and frightened, clinging to the tattered remnants of the 'democratic' past. True art, which is not content to play variations on ready-made models but rather insists on expressing the inner needs of man and of mankind in its time—true art is unable *not* to be revolutionary, *not* to aspire to a complete and radical reconstruction of society. This it must do, were it only to deliver intellectual creation from the chains which bind it, and to allow all mankind to raise itself to those heights which only isolated geniuses have achieved in the past. We recognize that only the social revolution can sweep clean the path for a new culture. If, however, we reject all solidarity with the bureaucracy now in control of the Soviet Union, it is precisely because, in our eyes, it represents, not communism, but its most treacherous and dangerous enemy.

The totalitarian régime of the USSR, working through the so-called 'cultural' organization it controls in other countries, has spread over the entire world a deep twilight hostile to every sort of spiritual value. A twilight of filth and blood in which, disguised as intellectuals and artists, those men steep themselves who have made of servility a career, of lying for pay a custom, and of the palliation of crime a source of pleasure. The official art of Stalinism mirrors with a blatancy unexampled in history their efforts to put a good face on their mercenary profession.

The repugnance which this shameful negation of principles of art inspires in the artistic world—a negation which even slave states have never dared to carry so far—should give rise to an active, uncompromising condemnation. The *opposition* of writers and artists is one of the forces which can usefully contribute to the discrediting and overthrow of régimes which are destroying, along with the right of the proletarian to aspire to a better world, every sentiment of nobility and even of human dignity.

The conception of the writer's function which the young Marx worked out is worth recalling. 'The writer,' he declared, 'naturally must make money in order to live and write, but he should not under any circumstances live and write in order to make money. . . . The writer by no means looks on his work as a *means*. It is *an end in itself* and so little a means in the eyes of himself and of others that if necessary he sacrifices his existence to the existence of his work. . . . *The first condition of the freedom of the press is that it is not a business*

Early Soviet poster

['Let us take the storm of the Revolution in Soviet Russia, unite it to the pulse of American life, and do our work like a chronometer!']

activity.' It is more than ever fitting to use this statement against those who would regiment intellectual activity in the direction of ends foreign to itself, and prescribe, in the guise of so-called 'reasons of State', the themes of art. The free choice of these themes and the absence of all restrictions on the range of his exploitations — these are possessions which the artist has a right to claim as inalienable. In the realm of artistic creation, the imagination must escape from all constraint and must under no pretext allow itself to be placed under bonds. To those who urge us, whether for today or for tomorrow, to consent that art should submit to a discipline which we hold to be radically incompatible with its nature, we give a flat refusal and we repeat our deliberate intention of standing by the formula *complete freedom for art.*

We recognize, of course, that the revolutionary State has the right to defend itself against the counter-attack of the bourgeoisie, even when this drapes itself in the flag of science or art. But there is an abyss between these enforced and temporary measures of revolutionary self-defence and the pretension to lay commands on intellectual creation. If, for the better development of the forces of material production, the revolution must build a *socialist* régime with centralized control, to develop intellectual creation an *anarchist* régime of individual liberty should from the first be established. No authority, no dictation, not the least trace of orders from above! Only on a base of friendly cooperation, without constraint from outside, will it be possible for scholars and artists to carry out their tasks, which will be more far-reaching than ever before in history.

It should be clear by now that in defending freedom of thought we have no intention of justifying political indifference, and that it is far from our wish to revive a so-called 'pure' art which generally serves the extremely impure ends of reaction. No, our conception of the role of art is too high to refuse it an influence on the fate of society. We believe that the supreme task of art in our epoch is to take part actively and consciously in the preparation of the revolution. But the artist cannot serve the struggle for freedom unless he subjectively assimilates its social content, unless he feels in his very nerves its meaning and drama and freely seeks to give his own inner world incarnation in his art.

In the present period of the death agony of capitalism, democratic as well as fascist, the artist sees himself threatened with the loss of his right to live and continue working. He sees all avenues of communication choked with the débris of capitalist collapse. Only naturally, he turns to the Stalinist organizations which hold out the possibility of escaping from his isolation. But if he is to avoid complete demoralization, he cannot remain there, because of the impossibility of delivering his own message and the degrading servility which these organizations exact from him in exchange for certain material advantages. He must understand that his place is elsewhere, not among those who betray the cause of the revolution and mankind, but among those who with unshaken fidelity bear witness to the revolution, among those who, for this reason, are alone able to bring it to fruition, and along with it the ultimate free expression of all forms of human genius.

The aim of this appeal is to find a common ground on which may be reunited all revolutionary writers and artists, the better to serve the revolution by their art and to defend the liberty of that art itself against the usurpers of the revolution. We believe that aesthetic, philosophical and political tendencies of the most varied sort can find here a common ground. Marxists can march here hand in hand with anarchists, provided both parties uncompromisingly reject the reactionary police patrol spirit represented by Joseph Stalin and by his henchman Garcia Oliver.

We know very well that thousands on thousands of isolated thinkers and artists are today scattered throughout the world, their voices drowned out by the loud choruses of well-disciplined liars. Hundreds of small local magazines are trying to gather youthful forces about them, seeking new paths and not subsidies. Every progressive tendency in art is destroyed by fascism as 'degenerate'. Every free creation is called 'fascist' by the Stalinists. Independent revolutionary art must now gather its forces for the struggle against reactionary persecution. It must proclaim aloud the right to exist. Such a union of forces is the aim of the *International Federation of Independent Revolutionary Art* which we believe it is now necessary to form.

We by no means insist on every idea put forth in this manifesto, which we ourselves consider only a first step in the new direction. We urge every friend and defender of art, who cannot but realize the necessity for this appeal, to make himself heard at once. We address the same appeal to all those publications of the left wing which are ready to participate in the creation of the International Federation and to consider its task and its methods of action.

When a preliminary international contact has been established through the press and by correspondence, we will proceed to the organization of local and national congresses on a modest scale. The final step will be the assembly of a world congress which will officially mark the foundation of the International Federation.

Our aims:

The independence of art—for the revolution.

The revolution—for the complete liberation of art!

ANDRE BRETON
DIEGO RIVERA

(It just came down to using this, which I've wanted to re-print for a long time. There are a lot of good thoughts, with their own strength. It's mostly meant as food for thought. --ed.)

Visit the future where love is the ultimate crime.

THX 1138

Warner Bros. presents THX 1138 · An American Zoetrope Production · Starring Robert Duvall and Donald Pleasence · with Don Pedro Colley, Maggie McOmie and Ian Wolfe · Technicolor® · Techniscope® · Executive Producer, Francis Ford Coppola · Screenplay by George Lucas and Walter Murch · Story by George Lucas Produced by Lawrence Sturhahn · Directed by George Lucas · Music by Lalo Schifrin

+ PERFORMANCE

the BIOGRAPH

2819 M St. N.W., Georgetown
FE 3-2696
DISCOUNT PARKING, 3053 M ST., N.W.

WITS END!

PRESENTS

SAINT JOHNS CHURCHYARD

TUES.– SAT.
9.00 to closing

FAR OUT PIZZA

3709 Macomb St. N.W.
966-6167
Wash. D.C.

NO COVER
NO MINIMUM

MAGGIE'S FARM

A CRAFTSMAN'S MARKETPLACE

1 COLUMBIA AVE.
TAKOMA PARK,
MARYLAND ~ 20012 ~
(301) 270-1042

HOURS: 12-9 TUES. → SUN.

LARGEST SELECTION OF INCENSE (OILS, POWDERS, STICKS etc.)
WATERBEDS (W/HEATERS, LINERS, CHOICE OF FRAMES)
THE HIND QUARTER (A FULL LEATHER & SUEDE SHOP)
HEADGEAR
FRISBEES

THE STREET GALLERY!

is now located under the canopy of the Crystal City Restaurant, at the corner of Connecticut & R, NW

THE STREET GALLERY is open every Sunday. All artists and craftsmen/women are welcome to participate. There is a one-dollar registration fee for artists who wish to show their work(to help cover costs of cleaning up and maintaining the lot). The purpose of the GALLERY is to promote local artists/craftspeople. The GALLERY is open free to the public. It runs from 10 in the morning till dark. It is being sponsored jointly by WOODWIND and the In-Towner. For more information, call 965-9650.

1st Run Area ENGAGEMENT

jane fonda donald sutherland THE OOP

THE HOOKER

klute R

HELD OVER!

THANK YOU CRITICS:

- "REMARKABLE!" JUDITH CRIST-NBC TV • "A THRILLER" SEGRAVES-STAR
- "UNUSUALLY INTELLIGENT AND ENGROSSING." ARNOLD-POST
- "THE BEST PERFORMANCE BY ANY ACTRESS ON THE SCREEN TODAY." REX REED-N.Y. NEWS

IN MARYLAND
BELTWAY PLAZA
6000 GREENBELT RD.
COLLEGE PARK 474-2636

IN VIRGINIA
TURNPIKE
PICKETT SHOP. CTR.
FAIRFAX 273-5461

the Gallery

ART SUPPLIES
FRAMING
FINE ARTS

3101 M Street, N.W.
333-3622
mon.–sat. 10–6
thurs. to 9

MONDAY THRU SATURDAY NIGHT

JOHNNY RIVERS

Plus BUDGIE

Coming July 19—SPENCER DAVIS & PETER JAMISON
Coming July 26—RICHARD PRYOR
Hootenanny Every Sunday Night

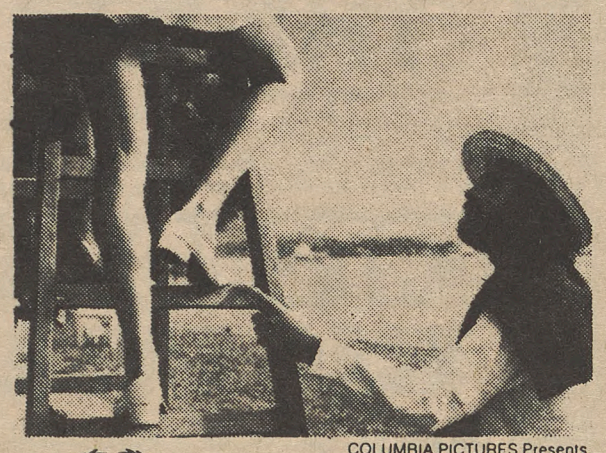
The Cellar Door

34th & M Sts. Georgetown
RES.: 337-3389

"CLAIRE'S KNEE is the first indisputably great film of 1971 and deserves the attention of every serious student of film!" —ANDREW SARRIS, The Village Voice

"SUPERLATIVE! It is so moving, so immaculately realized that almost any ordinary attempt to describe it must, I think, in some way diminish it!" —VINCENT CANBY, New York Times

"A MASTERPIECE! —HOLLIS ALPERT, Saturday Review



BEST FRENCH PICTURE OF THE YEAR (PRIX LOUIS DELLUC)

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents
JEAN-CLAUDE BRIALY
in A Film by
ERIC ROHMER
CLAIRE'S KNEE
Color
GP

cerberus 2 and 3
3040 M Street, N.W. Phone: 337-1311

"A REAL MOVIE! REMARKABLY ENGAGING! VIVIDLY CATCHES THE TEMPO AND RHYTHM OF AMERICAN LIFE IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AS GOOD ROCK DOES! 'Two-Lane Black-Top' is directed, acted, photographed and scored with the restraint and control of an aware, mature filmmaker. Monte Hellman's underground reputation may well be deserved. Warren Oates is the most interesting character. James Taylor and Dennis Wilson have the proper cool!" Vincent Canby, N.Y. Times

"THE PICTURE HAS SOUL! The cars are the language...it can't be put into words, but it is there to be felt! The gist is very clear and the realism and the drama are shocking!" —Archer Winsten, N.Y. Post

"ONE OF THE MOST AMBITIOUS AND INTERESTING AMERICAN FILMS OF THE YEAR! It is immaculately crafted, funny and quite beautiful. Not a single frame in the film is wasted. 'Two-Lane Black-Top' IS AN AMERICAN POP EPIC!" —Jay Cocks, Time Magazine

TWO-LANE BLACK-TOP

STARRING JAMES TAYLOR • WARREN OATES
LAURIE BIRD • DENNIS WILSON

Screenplay by RUDOLPH WURLITZER and WILL CORRY • Story by WILL CORRY • Directed by MONTE HELLMAN • Produced by MICHAEL S. LAUGHLIN
A MICHAEL S. LAUGHLIN PRODUCTION • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE • TECHNICOLOR®

R RESTRICTED Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

NOW SHOWING!

the KEY in GEORGETOWN • Phone: 333-5100
1222 WISCONSIN AVE. JUST ABOVE "M"

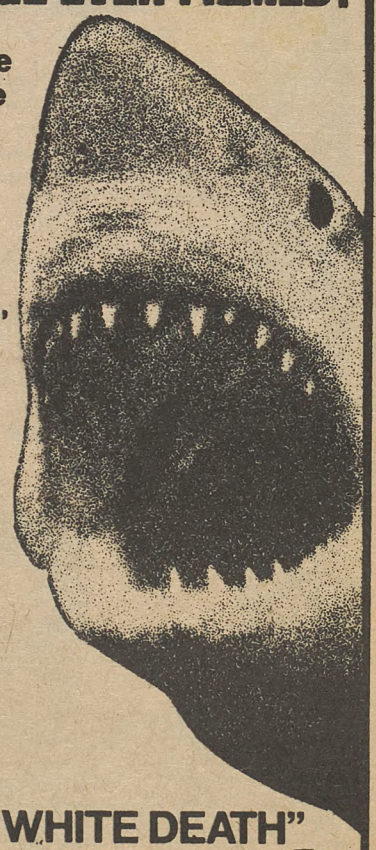
"BLUE WATER, WHITE DEATH' INCLUDES SOME OF THE MOST SMASHING MAN-AGAINST-BEAST FOOTAGE EVER FILMED!

Climactic sequence with the Great White Shark is unique. The film is superbly realized!" —Vincent Canby, New York Times

"ABSOLUTELY BREATH-TAKING, GASP-PRODUCING!" —Judith Crist, NBC Today Show

"CAPTIVATING! An almost hallucinatory suspense. It is more than just a cinematic high!" —Stefan Kanfer, Time Magazine

"SPECTACULAR! FASCINATING! 'Blue Water, White Death' is well-worth seeing!" —Stuart Klein, Metromedia



"BLUE WATER, WHITE DEATH"
The hunt for the Great White Shark
G

A CINEMA CENTER FILMS PRESENTATION
Produced by PETER GIMBEL • Directed by PETER GIMBEL and JAMES [illegible] IPSCO[illegible] TECHNICOLOR

Janus 1 and 2
conn. ave. at "R" AD 2-8900

Grace Cavalieri

BUSTED FOR POSSESSION

The men in the street call one another,
"Your wife, I saw her at the bar"
That man lied,
The other answers
"What bar did you see her at?"
He recognized the lie,
Sick decay and bartered threats follow,
I run up the hill
Looking at their meanings,
How do they know
To understand such equivalents?
I cannot see their faces because of hre sun.

Returning on Sunday
I see my drawer
Is stolen empty
By those men
By big large men who
Say anything and believe nothing
Then wait for its disproof

Yellow squares cut from light
Fill my drawer
On this spinning earth
The drawer was empty

How did we happen to have
Birthdays in the dark
With apparently no basis in fact?
How could we own
Not even a little?
I do not own the day, its possessions,
Its empty drawer, its stolen article,
Anymore than the man who lies
By the bleeding woman
Can ever own her blood

Now the men are in the street
They are arguing again

One hates
The other understands it

In the drawer before it was empty
Were red and blue birds
Just some
But these could talk like birds
Who were all dressed up
They talked red and blue
In dignity and brightness
You can't know this but
It was like owning something
Which could never be sad

The men stand in the street
Telling half truths
And half lies
They seem to know which

How barren it is without
My few things
There's nothing left here
And I finally suffer without grief
It is two o'clock

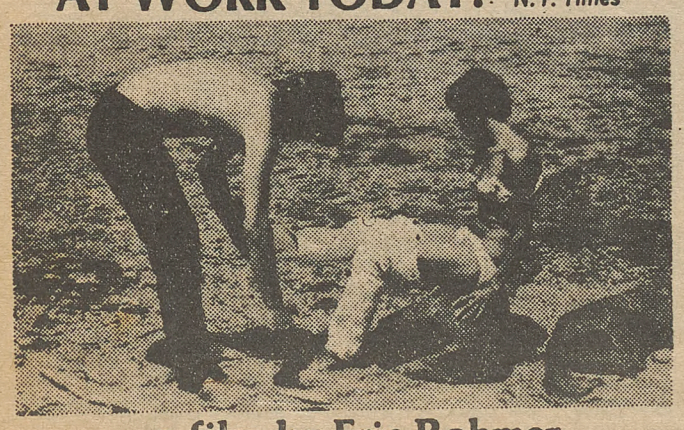
The men scream outside
One answers that he heard
Something terrible but cannot
Tell it

More important than comfort
Is the ti me to go
It is time to go out in
The fields
To sleep in the field
Where I know what to hear.

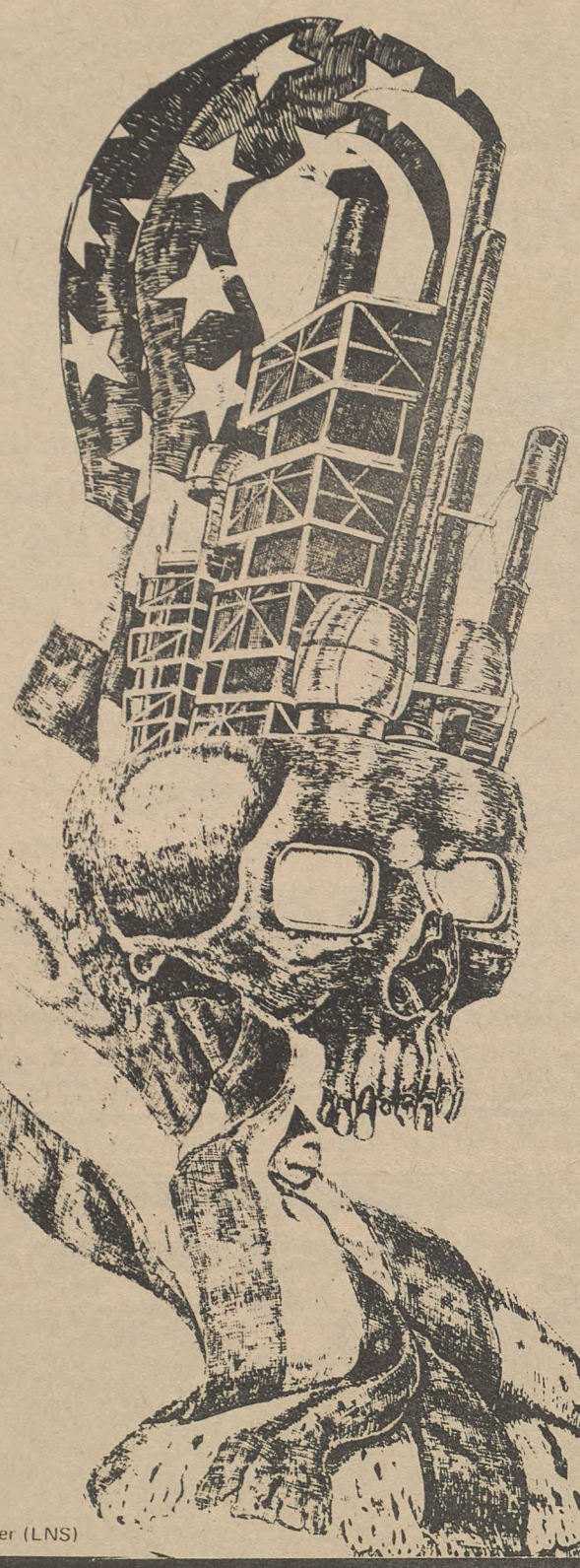
DELLY'S
1353 WISCONSIN AVE. N.W. 337-0221
(NEXT TO GEORGETOWN MOVIES)
PRESENTS
OUR NEW LOOK
(where taste, quality, and size counts)
FEATURING:

PIZZA
(they're the talk of the town)
•medium or large
(or by the slice)

SUBS
•cold cut
•meat ball
• tuna
•steak
(the best and the biggest)
EAT IN OR CARRY OUT
CALL 337-0221
YOUR CARRY OUT ORDER WILL BE READY
HOURS: monday thru thursday 11 a. m. - 12 p. m.
friday & saturday 11a. m. - 2 a. m. sunday 12 a. m. - 9 p. m.

WASHINGTON AREA PREMIERE
A delightful new surprise
from the author-director of
"My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee"
"ERIC ROHMER IS ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL AND INDEPENDENT DIRECTORS AT WORK TODAY!" —Canby, N.Y. Times

a film by Eric Rohmer
"La Collectionneuse"
starring Haydee Politoff and Patrick Bauchau in Eastmancolor
A PATHE CONTEMPORARY FILMS RELEASE
The Inner Circle Theatre
21ST and PA. AVE., N.W. * 337-4470

FEDERICO FELLINI'S "THE CLOWNS" IS FOR EVERYONE!
"The essence of circus clowndom!"
—William Wolf, Cue Magazine
"Not to be missed!"
—Archer Winsten, New York Post
"A glory!"
—Penelope Gilliatt, New Yorker
Levitt-Pickman Film Corporation PRESENTS
FEDERICO FELLINI
THE CLOWNS
Technicolor®
G
opens July 28
outer circle 2
4849 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. Phone 244-3116



—William Harper (LNS)

verbatim

"GROOCH" HE SAID, "you are an old burglar. Your profession is burglary. I wouldn't think of suggesting that your profession, in itself, is out of date. That would be going too far. Only its form, Grooch, does it lag behind the times. You are an artisan, a hack, and that's all there is to it. That class is on the wane—you can't deny that. What is a pick-lock compared to a debenture share? What is the burgling of a bank compared to the founding of a bank? What, my dear Grooch, is the murder of a man compared to the employment of a man?

Take an example. A few years ago we stole a whole street made of wooden blocks; we dug the blocks out, loaded them on to a cart, and drove away with them. We thought we had done something wonderful. In reality, we had only made ourselves unnecessary work and run an unnecessary risk. Shortly afterwards I heard that one only has to be a town councillor in order to be able to arrange the distribution of contracts oneself. Then one gets the contract for such and such a street and also several years' guaranteed profits without running any risks at all.

Another time I sold a house which didn't belong to me; it was empty at the time. I put up a notice: For sale. Apply at XX. That was me. Childishness! That was really immoral because it was taking unnecessary advantage of illegal ways and means. That can be done just as easily by putting up a row of jerry-built houses, selling them on the installment plan, and waiting until the purchasers run out of money! Then one has the houses as well and can repeat the process as often as one likes. And all that without the police having any excuse to interfere!

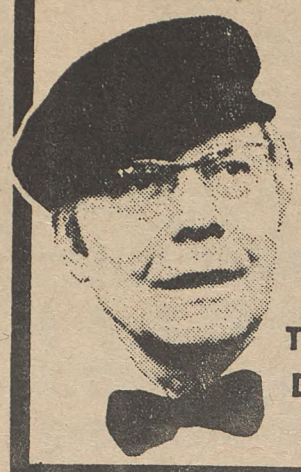
Take our business for example: we break into shops at night in order to get the goods we want to sell. Why? When the shops go bankrupt through being uneconomically run, we can buy their goods with perfect legality at prices far below the cost of burgling! And then, if you set store on such things, we have just as much stolen the goods as if we had committed a burglary . . . Nowadays a man must work within the law; it's just as much fun!. . .

In this present age one uses more peaceful methods. Brute force is out of date. Why send out murderers when one can employ bailiffs? We must build up, not pull down; that is, we must build up for profit."

—From the Three Penny Novel by Bertolt Brecht. A speech by MacHeath (Mac the knife)

the Chevron

FROM NEW YORK'S FILLMORE EAST



HEAVY ORGAN

VIRGIL FOX

WITH

PABLO LIGHTS

ALL-BACH PROGRAM

RODGERS TOURING ORGAN

Thursday, JULY 15 at 8 PM

DAR CONSTITUTION HALL

$5.50, $4.50, $3.50

AVAILABLE AT ALL TICKETRON OUTLETS

CALL (202) 659-2601

SMALL PRESS REVIEW

A new and intriguing publishing venture in the Washington area is a series of folding, unbound pamphlets published by Portfolio Press. Portfolio, which will attempt to appear quarterly, will devote each issue to a representation of the work of a young writer who is not yet widely known. The accent is on poetry.

Portfolio 1 presents eight poems by Kenneth Arnold, an alumnus of the Johns Hopkins writing seminars. Arnold's poems tend to be crisp, sinewy narratives of partially familiar but, as transformed by the poet, eerily significant actions. Sometimes a con temporary scene and a real or imagined past event are welded together into a fresh and surreal vision. Being linear rather than lyric, these poems don't excerpt very well, so I won't put Mr. Arnold through that indignity. His subject matter varies widely; he can give us a fresh reading of natural scenes as well as penetrate to the mythic potential of airline terminals, laundromats, and burlesque houses. The overall impact of this small collection is strong. (This may be the raison d'etre of small collections.) A dramatist's instinct for line-break is, I believe, Arnold's strongest poetic weapon.

Greg Kuzma's work is published so extensively that I was surprised to find him among the "not widely known." Yet, nere he is with eleven poems comprising Portfolio 2. Kuzma's work is accomplished, low-key, and unpretentious. Some of tne poems in this sampling have the earthy quality of folk-riddle or folk-epigram. He has mastered the logic of metaphor, as tnis short poem, "Shadows"," demonstrates:

The sun won't set until they've finished.
They move back and forth in deeper and deeper boots.
Their fingers grow long and thick.
Then they put on their big black gloves.

Most of these poems deal with close human relationships. One titled "Fall" recalls a family outing, focusing on tne mother who---

.....was tucked in herself
like a stck of dixie cups out of which
we drank tea and father drank coffee.
The taste of her ran through our lives
so much in those days.

Nothing far-fetched here, but one is not likely to forget the truth of such comparisons so finely made. There is more.

Portfolio 3 is about to come out and will feature poems by John Taylor. Subscribers to Portfolio should send $2.00 (for four issues) to 527 5th St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003

PHILIP K. JASON

free classifieds

Leather Sandals, belts, wrist bands, bags and almost all items of leather made to your specifications. All craftsmanship guaranteed. BRENT of Vera Cruz & California- drop by or call:Marco Polo Inc., 8000 Wisc. Avenue, Bethesda, Md. 654-9617

"LARA'S CHILDREN" for child. photography. For appointment, call 681-6182.

Paintings, prints, pottery-Call Pat Hinkley, 422-7567.

ORAGAMI MOBILES. 10 birds, $2. Call 299-6472.

Attention all photographers! Black&white film and print developing, enlargements also. All sizes 35mm-620. Only Kodak chemicals used. Call either Henry (2996472) or Steve(424-6847).

CARPENTER for hire--repairs or building--woodcarving--John A. at Wooden Ships 434-7242.

HAND-DYING done by Ifnifney and Grubschintz Amalgamated Industries. Geometric designs, graphics, and "custom printing". Salisbury, Md. call 742-3486 or 742-6752.

CANDLES-made to order. Designs- sand, chunk, layer, etc. If you don't like the candle you don't have to pay for it. Call Gregg at 532-7269. Wholesale rates to shopowners.

Figure drawing group meeting evenings, call 265-9396

MACRAME, belts, bags, wall hangings and decorative objects hand-designed in all colors and materials. Prefer to sell quantities to craft stores, boutiques, etc. Call Lisa 365-2094.

CHILDREN'S FREE SCHOOL-being formed in Washington area with open learning environment--will begin with summer program and continue, for pre-school and elementary aged kids. For further information, contact Judy (585-4774) or Barb (462-0203).

R STREET REVIEW-a new quaterly, needs poems, stories, essays and critical reviews. Pyment in contributor copies. Notification within two weeks. R Street Review- 2108 R Street, NW, DC 20008

Pottery and Jewelry classes at Visual Gravity. For info, call 836-2650 or 966-7502.

Handwoven shawls, scarves, ponchos, bags. Call 445-1232(Sandy)

Custom sandals, $15 maximum-The Seed, 4725 Wisc. Ave.

BEAUTIFUL DRESSMAKER-children & adults-you provide the material and I'll make your dress, blouse, skirt, pants. Very reasonable, in my home. Call after 7pm, anyday, 244-2151

MALE LEAD SINGER will audition for band or serious musicians who have bookings and do original work. Ask for Shannon, 979-2293.

PEASANT BLOUSES and other handmade clothing. S-M-L, $5 and up. SUEDE handbags, pouches, wristbands, etc., $1 and up. DECOUPAGE, many interesting subjects, $2 and up. 587-6321, Jan.

Singer and Musician (woman), non-union, would like job, necessary for maintenenance of life support system. Guitar and related instruments, call 920-4263 or 683-2667.

NEXT PUBLICATION DATE IS AUGUST 15

RUNT:
Todd Rundgren

ARTIST * ENGINEER * PRODUCER

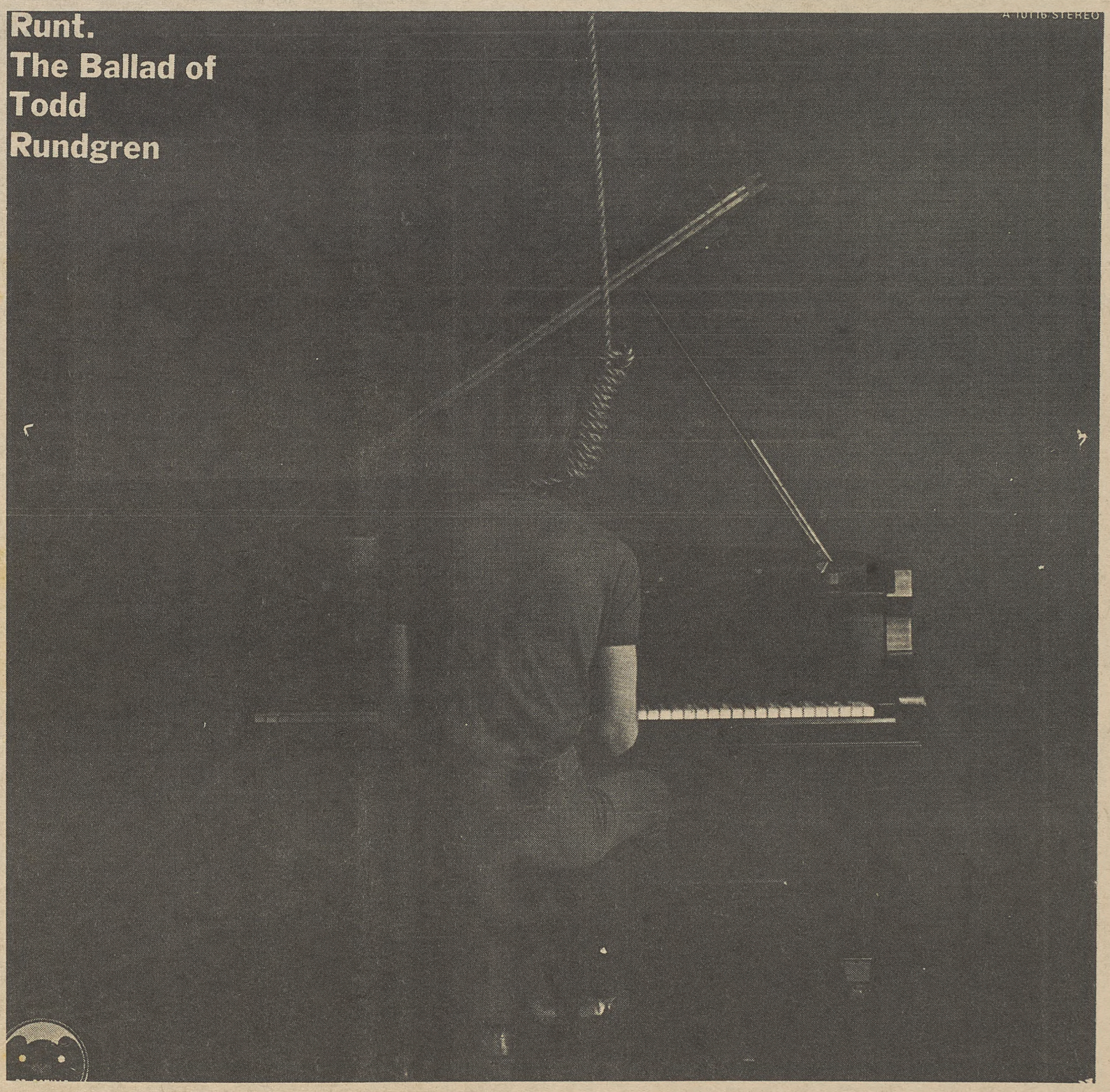
Todd Rundgren formerly of the NAZZ, wrote and arranged all their material, played lead guiter, and produced most of their records.

He has produced albums and sessions with, THE BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND IAN & SYLVIA, THE JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND, and the AMERICAN DREAM

He engineered for Jessie Winchester's album and also the BAND.

On his first album "RUNT" there are 12 songs he wrote and arranged, played all the instruments except drums and base, did all the vocals, and produced.
From it came the hit single "We Gotta Get You A Woman".

NOW AVAILABLE
his new album



RUNT:
BALLAD OF TODD RUNDGREN

on BEARSVILLE records

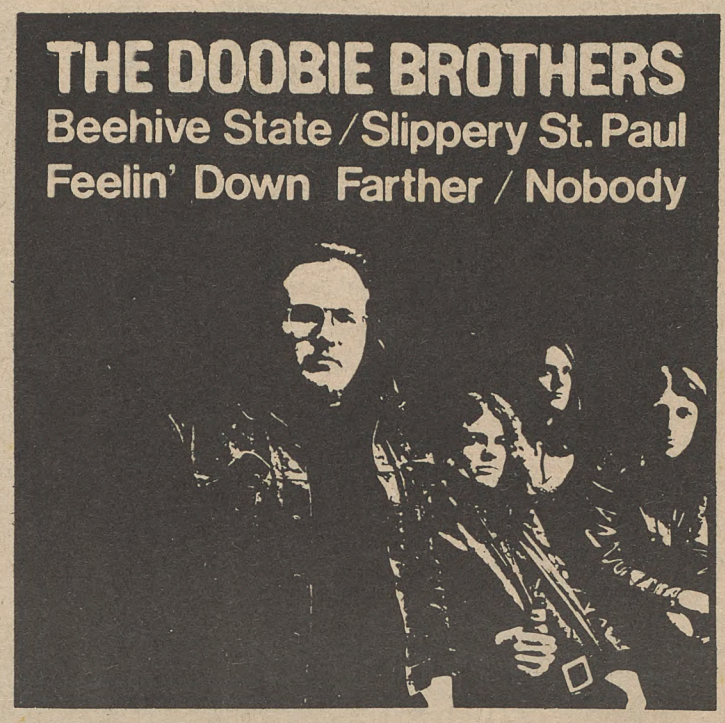
Distributed by AMPEX records and tapes

Hear the Amazing
MOTHER/BROTHER
SHOW

Mother Earth
Bring Me Home
Temptation Took Control of Me and I Fell / Deliver Me
Tonight, the Sky's About to Cry / I'll Be Long Gone

Bring Me Home
Mother Earth
Reprise Album 6431

The clear and powerful voice of Tracy Nelson leads this successful fusion of gospel, blues, country and rock. *Bring Me Home* is Mother Earth's first album for Reprise.



The Doobie Brothers
The Doobie Brothers
Warner Album 1919

The Doobie Brothers are the stuff that rock and roll legends are made of, as they prove in their first Warner Bros. album.

Live!

SATURDAY JULY 24
8:30 pm
ALEXANDRIA
Roller Rink

TICKETS: $2. 50 IN ADVANCE, $3 AT THE DOOR

Tickets Available at: All Three Variety Records, Hang-Ups (Falls Church), all four Harmony Huts, Slak Shack (Georgetown), and Nationwide Merchandising.